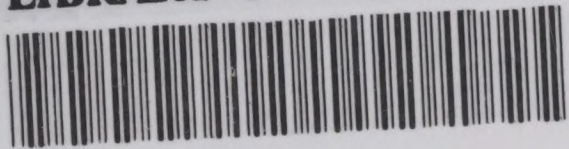


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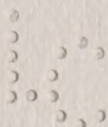
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MAUD MULLER'S MINISTRY

MAUD MULLER'S MINISTRY

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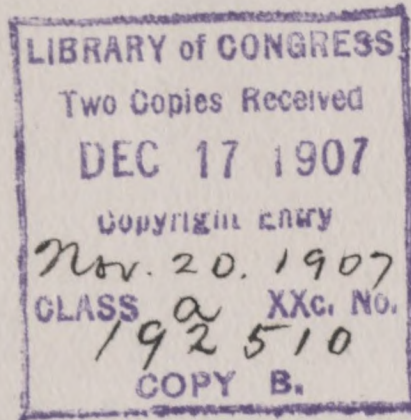
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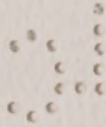
BY THE
REV. JAMES LAWRENSON SMILEY

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

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To my Father (on earth) and my Mother (in Paradise) in grateful recognition of their careful training, this book is affectionately dedicated.

"Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings."—PATRICK HENRY.

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PREFACE

Wild stories of adventure win wide popularity. This book lays no claim to such a character. It aims rather to picture a scene of sober, domestic joy as the type of that national happiness to be realized by the adoption of a certain economic policy.

No disappointment, therefore, will be felt if the work fails to circulate among mere fiction-lovers. To thoughtful citizens it is addressed, and among such it seeks a reasonable welcome.

For the convenience of our readers, we herewith re-print Whittier's well-known poem.

Imagining the actual occurrence of the poet's "might have been," we have endeavored to depict the consequent happiness, and also to show the insignificance of money as a factor in true love.

Similarly we believe that Capital and Labor can easily ignore money, and be joined together as "no longer twain but one," in an indissoluble union.

It remains for the nations to decide whether they will promote the holy wedlock of Capital and Labor; or, whether pride and prejudice shall be permitted to keep them asunder, to their own mutual regrets, and to the world's irreparable loss.

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

“And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“Would she were mine, and I, to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

“No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.”

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

CHAPTER I

HOW IT HAPPENED

"Oh, mamma, I've caught a beau! Did you see him?"

The speaker's face was all aglow with a merry excitement. She had just came in from the hay-field and was improving the time before supper by tidying the sideboard and darting playful glances at her mother in the mirror.

Mrs. Muller having closed the oven door upon a savory corn pone, stood with stove-cloth in hand, and gazed, with amused interest, at the laughing face reflected in the glass.

"Maud, you badness!" she retorted. "What ever shall I do with you, girl. A new beau, indeed! What would Sam say?"

"Now, mamma, how often have I asked you not to tease me about Sam Norris! He's nice enough for a 'walking-stick,' as the city girls would say, but a serious beau is quite another matter."

"Come, girl," replied her mother, incredulously, "when you begin to talk about serious beaux, I shall carry tales to your father. He can't afford to lose such a good haymaker as you have proven to be."

Then, after a moment's pause, she added: "Unless you settle down near here and promise to help your father whenever he is short of hands."

With this peremptory charge, Mrs. Muller put a few finishing touches to the supper-table and went to the outer door to call her husband. Maud waited a moment for her mother's return. "Now, mamma," she continued in a tone of affected reproof, "I am surprised at your lack of curiosity. Any other woman would have asked 'Who is this new catch?' but you simply discuss the old farm business. What does that amount to when a girl's heart is affected?" and the serio-comic expression on Maud's face momentarily puzzled her matter-of-fact mother. Then bursting into a hearty laugh she exclaimed "Well, well, here comes your father; we will sit down to supper and then hear all about this new conquest."

"Hello, Maud." was the first greeting of farmer Muller, as he kicked the door-block to clean his boots, "What's all this I've been hearing of you to-day?" and the mischievous twinkle in his mirthful eyes brought a deeper blush upon Maud's already glowing cheek.

"Come, daughter," persisted the teaser, "I heard all about it from Bill Wheaten. Mother, what do

you think? Ha, ha, ha," he laughed, while the robust form of the honest toiler shook with hearty amusement.

Mrs. Muller's face was now all interrogation. She gazed first at her husband, then at Maud, but could read nothing definite in the countenance of either. Maud's round young face betrayed contending emotions; like an April day, it wavered between sunshine and rain. She could have cried with vexation at the merciless thrusts of her father, and yet felt ready to join him in his hearty laughter.

But the mother's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. "Come," she urged, "allow me to share this mysterious information, but don't let this pone get cold; we will talk while we eat, if my curiosity does not get the better of my appetite."

With this, the three sat down to the table, and dismissing the good-natured banter, Mr. Muller reverently returned thanks for the substantial meal.

After an appropriate pause the subject of Maud's little romance promptly asserted itself. Mrs. Muller was the first to speak.

"Now, Dad," she said as she began to dish out the cool clabber, "tell me all about this day's happenings. I thought when my daughter went out to rake the hay, that she took the greatest pleasure in com-

muning with Nature. She is constantly talking of the wild flowers and ferns, the sweet song-birds and bright little squirrels, that I had cut her out for a naturalist—”

“Yes,” interrupted her father, “she is indeed a naturalist, but her studies in Nature have ended, like the order of Creation, with man,” and the farmer chuckled gaily at his own joke.

“Well, come to the point, old man,” insisted the mother. “Who is the other subject of all this mysterious talk?”

“Let Maud confess all,” he rejoined, “and by pleading ‘guilty’ win a lenient sentence from you, her judge.”

“Oh, stop this strange talk,” demanded his wife, “and tell me all in plain English. Since you sat on the jury, Dad, your conversation is constantly filled with legal terms and phrases. One would take you for a judge—”

“Ha, ha, ha,” broke in the delighted prosecutor, as he kicked Maud’s foot under the table,—“Now, mother, in this game of ‘Hot Buttered Beans’ you are getting very hot indeed.”

While Maud struggled bravely with her feelings, and wondered whether it would be rude to leave the table at once, her mother rejoined, with no little sign of impatience, “Will this puzzling language

never stop? Come, daughter, you can talk plainer than your self-elected prosecutor; make your confession, girl, and I will try to be a lenient judge."

A roar of laughter brought the tears to Mr. Muller's eyes as he exclaimed, "The fates will reveal the whole truth if the prisoner doesn't soon speak."

Tears, but of mixed emotions, were in Maud's eyes also, for a sense of the ridiculous struggled with her wounded feelings. She was visibly embarrassed—a condition so unusual in this free-hearted girl, that the mother's suspicion of seriousness in the affair was now fully awakened.

"Well, mamma," at last Maud ventured, "I will tell you all that Bill Wheaten saw; and you can see at once that father has been raising a tempest in a teapot. This afternoon, while I was raking the hay near Poplar Spring, Judge Marshall came along on horseback, reined up opposite the spring and asked me for a drink. I dipped up a cupful and gave it to him. He thanked me very courteously, talked a little about the beauties of the country and the prospects of the weather; then he rode away. That's all that Bill Wheaten saw."

"Well, dear, that was all perfectly proper," answered Mrs. Muller with approving smile, "but yet, what did you mean yourself when you told me just before supper—?"

Maud flushed; she had been completely thrown off her guard by her father's attacks, and now she was cornered by this simple and direct questioning.

"Yes," persisted the relentless father, "you have told the truth, nothing but the truth, now tell us 'the whole truth,' as the judge would say. Tell us, what did Cupid see?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Maud with increasing composure, "except a rich judge gratefully thanking a poor country girl for 'a cup of cold water' which, as the Bible declares, 'shall in no wise lose its reward.' "

Mr. Muller was on the point of jesting about the 'reward' but his reverence for the Bible checked him and he said simply, "Now, mother, that the 'Judge' mystery has been solved to your satisfaction, give me the satisfaction of hearing Maud's before-supper confession."

"Why, she said she had 'caught a beau' and I would have taken it for a piece of nonsense, but her after-conduct has aroused my suspicions."

"Good!" said the father, "that is certainly damaging testimony. What say you, prisoner?"

"I say," replied Maud with decided but respectful emphasis, "a girl has certainly a right to joke confidentially with her mother."

"And can't her father share the fun?" he pleaded.

“Certainly, papa, if he doesn’t tease too much,” and Maud’s tone evinced a strong desire to change the subject.

Mr. and Mrs. Muller were too considerate to prolong the jesting further and the conversation soon took another turn.

Supper concluded and table cleared, Maud repaired to her room. “What a goose I have made of myself!” she soliloquized, self-reproachfully. “I never minded teasing so much before, but tonight I betrayed my vexation. Mamma read me deeper than I intended she should. She thinks Cupid has smitten me. I am glad she cannot yet be certain of it. How she would reprove my folly if she knew that I *was* smitten. The Judge’s smile was *so* gracious, his manner more than kind, his whole bearing as charming as any girl could wish even from a most devoted suitor. And yet, foolish girl that I am, the idea of his having any serious thought of me is utterly absurd. What a pity we were not born in the same society, either both aristocrats, or both ordinary country-folks. In either case I could lo’—lo’—yes, I can tell myself—*love* him, and no one can hear—” Maud started, for she imagined some one was coming; it was only her own shadow, however, which she saw reflected in the mirror. Breathing easier, she continued, “No one can read my

thoughts. 'No one' did I say? I wonder if *he* read them. Oh, dear! I believe I betrayed something of my inmost feelings to him. When he caught my eye and looked me full in the face with his kindly glance, did I forget myself and beam upon him with equal frankness? Maud Muller, did you forget yourself? Well, I can't exactly see the harm. If two unmarried persons exchange glances of lo'—of friendliness, what fault can there be? Such must be the experience of all true courtships. Ha, ha," she laughed softly to herself, "I am a dunce; my thoughts travel like lightning, leaping and flashing one after another, from an accidental meeting to a wonderful marriage. What would the aristocratic Judge Marshall think of this foolish and presumptuous country girl?"

With such reflections, alternating between self-gratulation and reproof, Maud retired to rest; and inevitably continued the happy reverie in dreamland, where the scene at the spring was re-enacted with a charm and romantic setting which even Cinderella herself might have envied.

CHAPTER II

THE MARSHALL FAMILY

In active life, as well as in art, strong contrasts are sometimes as pleasing as harmonies. It will, therefore, do no violence to our reader's sensibilities to proceed from the plain country farm-house just mentioned to a stately city mansion on Washington Place.

The owner, a comparatively young man of athletic build, has just returned home from a horse-back ride. His genial, thoughtful face suggests a studious, judicial mind. His manner is that of a gentleman of high birth, upon whom inherited riches sit lightly, and as a matter of course. The practice of law has given him a keen insight into human nature, and taught him to classify men by the measure of merit rather than that of money.

Running up the stairs with light and easy step, he greets his mother and sisters with wonted cordiality and then proceeds to his room to prepare for dinner.

"In half an hour," he reflected, "we shall sit down, and the girls will quiz me, as usual, about my ride and its incidents. Well, I shall tease them sure

enough this time—tell them I have ‘caught my catch.’ They are so fond of calling me ‘old bach.’ Now I shall turn the joke and inform them that they are destined to become sisters-in-law to a country lass, a veritable haymaker. Think of their brother becoming infatuated with a milk-maid, an unsophisticated child of nature—a real Eve in her fragrant Eden—a veritable goddess whom the ancient Greeks would have painted or chiseled and sung. Well, well, how captivated I am! But I’m not ashamed of my taste. That girl is undoubtedly a real prize. She is a unique beauty—not only in face and figure, but in genuine sweetness of manner and childlike innocence. Would that she were our equal in the eyes of society! But why not? Why couldn’t she become so? Such an ingenuous character could easily be molded into any good shape; and as for beauty, she is simply a nonpareil. A little training in the ways of polite society, a little additional learning in art and literature, and she would grace any social circle. And yet,” he reflected with a frown, “would society even then receive her? Money and other considerations would debar her and probably ostracise the man who would dare to introduce her.”

With this disturbing thought in mind, the Judge hastily completed his toilet and answered the summons to the dinner-table.

"Well, brother, where hast thou gleaned to-day?" asked Alice Marshall, while the family awaited the soup. "I suppose that is a pertinent question, as Naomi asked it of Ruth during harvest time. You have been rustivating again on horseback. What have you gathered? Ruth gleaned barley, and incidentally a husband. Maybe our bachelor brother has in like manner been taken in!" And with a mischievous nod, Alice glanced across the table to her sister Bess for approval.

It was not long in coming, for Bess enjoyed with equal zest these playful attacks upon their only brother.

"I venture to say, Alice," she replied, "that he rode out into the country looking for some rustic lassie, fresh and green, for he thinks all the city belles are affected and blasé."

"Now, Bess," reproved her mother, "don't be so hard on your brother. He has profound respect for all ladies. When he remarked, the other day, that some society girls were more like weary butterflies than busy bees, he told the simple truth. But George has a chivalric spirit and admires all genuine women, whether bred in city or country, in high society or humble cottage."

"Good, mother," said the Judge, "I knew I could rely on you as an ally. Now we stand two to two;

fire away girls, I am no longer afraid of your onslaughts."

"Come on then, Bess, to the fray," was Alice's prompt rejoinder. "Now, I repeat it, sir; you have been hunting with Cupid. Tell us: what and whom you have seen. Your guilty look betrays you."

"I may as well plead guilty," answered the Judge with mock humility.

"And then," continued Alice, "your fellow-hunter shot you with his little arrow."

"Wonderful conjecture by the prosecution," laughed the Judge.

"And moreover," joined in sister Bess, "the little arrow-head was dipped in delicious buttermilk—"

"Why not say 'crystal spring water' in contrast to our pestiferous city water?" suggested her brother.

"All right, I stand corrected," answered the unsuspecting sister. "The arrow was dipped in clear spring water and shot as straight as a rake-handle" (the Judge winced) "into George Marshall's heart."

Alice clapped her hands in delighted approval, while their mother said with a quiet smile, "Oh, girls, hush that nonsense."

"Let them go on, mother; it is entertaining," urged the Judge. "What next?"

"That," answered Alice, "is for you to confess. Now tell us all about it."

"Well, girls. I have told you sufficient," said the Judge. "Have pleaded guilty to Cupid's arrow, dipped in spring water, shot at me straight as a rake-handle and struck right in the fatal spot. After sentence is pronounced upon my guilt, I wish to accuse my two sisters of being witches."

"Oh, then," laughed Alice innocently, "we have guessed everything except the name, place, time, and a few other minor details. How happy I am in anticipation of having a country sister-in-law, who shall teach me how to make butter, cheese and sausage!"

"Look here, boy," said the elder sister, growing serious, "if there were a shadow of probability in any such prospect; if I thought my brother—a Marshall, too—would wed a green country girl, howsoever beautiful, I would disown him."

After dinner the Judge withdrew to his 'den,' while the ladies were busy receiving some evening callers.

Fortunately for him, he was left undisturbed. He wished quiet that he might muse over his day's experience. He laughed to himself as he recalled his sisters' innocent guesses. Then a cloud passed over his brow at the thought of his elder sister's warning: "I would disown you if you married a green country girl."

Did she mean it? Well, she had no right to take such an arbitrary stand. And she wouldn't, if she once became acquainted with that girl and learned to appreciate her character and capabilities. And 'society?' Ay, there's the rub! "Well," he continued his musings, "I wouldn't rashly antagonize society, but if it came to a clear-cut choice between an ideal girl whom I loved and all the gilded society in America, I would unhesitatingly choose her and have a new world of love made to order." With this resolute thought the Judge settled down in an easy chair to read *The Evening News*.

The paper was full of society happenings, politics, rumors of war, the usual quota of murders and suicides and other crimes; strikes and boycotts; and all the vile fruits of pauperism.

To the Judge's mind, just elevated to the heights of an ideal dream of love, this catalogue of evils was a dose of noxious poisons. Every now and then his brow contracted into a frown at some harrowing news, then a sweet face at a spring loomed up before him and he seemed momentarily carried to Elysium. "Why is not all the world so innocent and sweet and God-like?" he asked himself.

"God made Eden and innocence and marital happiness; man has marred God's work, destroyed the beauties of nature and instead built crowded cities

with their noisy machinery and noisier strife and injustice. Would that our social life could be restored according to the Divine pattern, and our cities beautified with nature everywhere; but especially, built upon a basis of social brotherhood and equal rights! The farmer co-operates directly with his Creator in raising crops; what obstacle hinders city folks from a like co-operation in their work?" And the Judge laid down the paper with an air of impatience. "I can't read tonight with any satisfaction. I want to think. I feel a sense of restfulness and peace when I reflect upon the possibility of all women becoming as sweet and innocent as that hazel-eyed girl; and of society being molded upon the pattern of farm-life, as simple in form as it is co-operative in action."

With this bright reverie of hope the Judge retired to a restful slumber—yet not dreamless, for Maud Muller's charms insisted upon displaying themselves in so many scenes of beauty that the Judge finally found himself bending before an enthroned queen.

This might have continued indefinitely, had not the sharp rap of the footman awakened the Judge to another day of work in court:

"With doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues."

CHAPTER III

CUPID'S PROGRESS

"Another day of hard work deserves another ride," said the Judge to himself as he proceeded to 'phone for his horse, late in the afternoon. He was soon in the saddle and congratulated himself upon owning such an intelligent animal, for he seemed to guess his rider's purpose and started in exactly the same direction as yesterday. The Judge was still reluctant to admit to himself that he *intended* to take that course, but rather credited his horse with knowing his master's inclination. At any rate he said, "Chestnut, go as you please, old fellow; I will indulge you to-day, for your continued faithfulness."

Following the line of least resistance, man and horse went loping along feeling as a centaur in their one-mindedness; at least, so felt the Judge.

He was soon in sight of Mr. Muller's orchard looming up on the distant hills. What new beauty seemed to hover about those trees! Indeed, no one but the blind could fail to admire it.

But the Judge, perhaps, saw much more than those most appreciative of Nature's beauties.

He wondered, as he neared the enchanted ground, whether Maud were nearby. He approached the spring; thought he felt thirsty. No one was in sight. Should he dismount and help himself? That seemed too prosaic; yet there was nothing else to do. He found a gourd lying on the side of the spring and proceeded to dip, when suddenly he heard a distant sound of singing.

Instantly he straightened to listen. The song came nearer—a clear, rich soprano letting out itself with all the freedom of a bird in the woods—totally unconscious of an audience. What carrying qualities that voice possessed! All nature seemed hushed—to listen and to learn, as if Chibiabos had reappeared.

The words rang out sweetly and clearly:

“Every lassie has her laddie,
None they say have I;
But all the lads, they smile at me,
When coming through the rye.”

The listener hoped the second line were actually true; he knew the last two *must* be.

Yet he felt a lover's fear lest some country 'laddie' had already seen and won the grace and beauty which had so lately captivated him.

Maud was approaching rapidly, and the Judge began to prepare for a dignified explanation of his presence.

She had now seen and recognized "Chestnut" and her first impulse was to escape, being in her dishabille. But could she flee unobserved? She hesitated. So did the Judge. But his hesitation was only momentary; for, being a man of action, he determined to advance before she could escape.

"Good afternoon, miss," he said, as he tipped his cap and advanced.

Maud blushed deeply. Her confusion was in no wise lessened by the sight of rich Judge Marshall showing her so much deference. Being still beyond conversational distance she could only return his salutation with a bow, and wait.

"What does he want? I wonder if mamma sees him. Where is papa? Do any of the hands see us?" All these thoughts flashed like lightning through her mind, as the Judge advanced.

"Good afternoon, miss," he repeated. "I was again tasting your delicious spring water; it is so pure and cold. How I wish I could have it every day!"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "let me run and get you a glass. That old gourd isn't fit for you."

"Why not?" he asked. "I like to play sometimes that I am a country boy. It tastes better in that old-fashioned way than in cut glass. You ought to be supremely happy to live in such a lovely place with pure water, air, and health-giving elements everywhere."

"Yes, sir, I have often heard papa say that many a city chap—gentleman, I mean—yearns for the country, while our young folks hanker after the city."

"You don't hanker after the city, do you?" asked the Judge ingenuously.

Maud colored. "I—I—think sometimes of the comforts and conveniences of town, of the pleasures of the people, especially the 'big-bugs'—the rich, I mean," she stammered. "Whenever I have been to town and seen the fine homes and splendid carriages and beautifully dressed ladies, I have, I must confess, envied them."

"My dear child," replied the Judge philosophically, "all is not gold that glitters; there is far more happiness in your plain home than in many a city mansion. Would you exchange your free and healthy living for the average city girl's supposed happiness?"

Maud demurred. Her conviction of city joys had been very deep, but the Judge's positive tones gave

her opinion a considerable shock. "Perhaps," she faltered, "I am a foolish country girl, but I have always considered the city girls supremely happy."

"Well, my dear"—Maud's quick blush was instantly communicated to the Judge's face, as it revealed the term he had unconsciously employed—"Pardon me, miss," was his hurried apology. "I was thinking of you as a mere child uninitiated into the world's ways—"

"Maud, ah, Maud!" called a voice from the house.

"Ma'am?" answered Maud, still hidden from her mother by intervening foliage.

"What are you doing, Maud?" came the mother's voice again.

"I'm—." The Judge couldn't help enjoying poor Maud's confusion. "Tell your mother you are coming at once," he advised. Maud obeyed mechanically; then hesitated as to the proper way to take leave.

The Judge promptly read her thoughts and resolved upon bold measures. Indeed, he felt his dignity would be compromised, if he didn't proceed straight to the house and explain the situation.

"Miss Maud—I believe that is your name—allow me to accompany you to the house. I wish to see your mother or father for a moment." Maud's con-

fusion was intensified. This approach of Judge Marshall to her house seemed like a king invading a cottage.

"Oh, sir," she answered in frightened tones, "my mother isn't prepared to see *you*. She is hard at work in her old dress, and—and—we were not expecting to see you at our house."

"No, I suppose not," laughed the Judge, his admiration all the while increasing at the girl's naïveté. "But you must know that I feel embarrassed at having talked with you without your parents' permission, or at least some proper introduction. Strangers may with all due propriety meet at a spring and exchange a few general remarks, as I did yesterday, but to-day I am found dismounted and standing conversing with you. It is purely accidental—I mean, at least, this present situation—but it demands an explanation."

"Oh, sir," said Maud, in extenuating tones, "you have done no harm." The Judge's ill-concealed pleasure at this remark startled Maud. "I mean you accidentally met me, and owe us no apology."

"But you will let me explain all to your mother, will you not?"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist," said the girl simply.

Just then Mrs. Muller appeared at the door and was evidently about to call out again, when suddenly she disappeared like a flash.

"That was my mother," laughed Maud, "and you scared her in." The Judge laughed too.

They approached the house, Maud leading around to the front door and into the parlor. Having seated the Judge, she repaired to the kitchen. A hurried whispering—then some one ran up stairs, while the Judge waited, guessing at the next scene in the novel drama. Maud soon reappeared from the kitchen, whence she had snatched a clean apron. The two were again face to face in the cool parlor. "Mamma insisted on changing her wrapper," she explained, "and made me come in at once in my untidy dress—"

"No apologies now from the other side," laughed the Judge, "we are 'quits' at that."

The conversation continued in a general way, some references by the Judge to certain fancy work in the room, helping to set Maud at ease.

Soon her mother appeared, attired in a plain but tastefully-made gown.

"Mamma," said Maud, rising, "this is Judge Marshall. He—"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Muller, I am very happy to meet you."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Judge," answered Mrs. Muller with a dignified bow.

A moment's pause—and then the Judge turned and said, "Miss Muller, I beg your pardon, you were about to make some remark."

"Was I? Oh, I was going to tell mamma how much you enjoyed our spring water." The Judge colored.

"Yes, madam, I confess I love the country, its freedom, freshness and natural beauties. I love everything in Nature's domain; it affords such a relief from the noise and turmoil of city life. I rode out yesterday and your daughter graciously granted my request for a drink from your spring. This afternoon I came again and took the liberty of helping myself. When Miss Maud happened along, she kindly offered to get me a glass. Just then, in the midst of our talk, you called her; then I insisted on accompanying her to the house to explain the situation."

"Oh, that explains all," laughed Mrs. Muller; "I thought Maud unusually long in answering me."

Intermittent blushes were threatening to become chronic with poor Maud, but the Judge with his characteristic tact came to her relief.

"I confess I was amused at Miss Maud's expense when you called, 'Maud, what are you doing?' It

was hard to frame an accurate answer under the circumstances." Then all laughed together and felt more at ease.

"Mrs. Muller," continued the Judge, whose vocation had trained him to reach a verdict as directly as possible, "I have a suggestion to offer. Your daughter, with a natural and commendable ambition, would like to see more of the city. I presume she seldom goes in, except upon some hurried errand; but, as she is doubtless of an appreciative disposition, I would be glad, with her parents' consent, to drive out and take her in to see the sights."

Maud's heart leaped, and her childlike delight was scarcely controlled by her womanly dignity. The Judge's quick eye observed this with much gratification, and he continued—

"It will give me great pleasure to come some afternoon in the near future and take her to the various places of interest."

Mrs. Muller could hardly believe her own ears. "I will ask her father," she managed to say. "Oh, here he comes now."

Mr. Muller was approaching the house, and hearing voices in the parlor, he supposed some familiar friends had dropped in. With his accustomed frankness, he was about to accost them in jolly

manner, when he caught sight of the Judge. It was too late to escape.

"Come in, Mr. Muller," said his wife. "Here is Judge Marshall."

All attempts at apology for rough clothes being waived by the Judge, the account of the meeting was again related, and the request for the drive repeated.

Like his wife, Farmer Muller was dumbfounded. But he turned to Maud to gain time and composure, saying, "Well, daughter, do you want to take the drive?"

"Beg pardon, Miss Maud," promptly spoke the Judge, "I meant to ask you to allow me the pleasure and honor of taking you, as soon as your parents gave consent."

"Well, sir," answered Maud with gentle dignity, "I shall have to think a little about it. It is extremely kind of you to offer me this great pleasure, but the offer has come so unexpectedly I really haven't had time to consider."

The Judge was both disappointed and pleased. Mr. and Mrs. Muller, however, were puzzled. They received the offer as made to a *child*; any other idea was incredible. But Maud had answered it as a woman.

As for the Judge, he claimed (to himself) a victory, and soon bade a pleasant good evening.

A few days later, he drove out in his buggy. Tying his horse at her rack gave him a new and pleasurable sensation. Still, he experienced the pang of uncertainty.

Her mother opened the door and received him into the parlor. Upon his asking for Miss Maud, she was called from the poultry-yard.

"Pardon me, Miss Maud," he accosted her, before she could slip around the house corner, "I drove out this afternoon with the hope of taking you to the city. It is an excellent day for a drive after yesterday's shower. Will you go?"

"I will ask mamma."

In a few minutes she returned, and a quick thought of playfulness relieved the tension of feeling in both of them as she said:

"Will you take me as I am?"

"Certainly," he answered promptly, "Come along."

With a responsive laugh, she excused herself and ran nimbly up-stairs.

The Judge sat, speculating. "I wonder how she will dress; I have sufficient confidence, at any rate, in this family's good taste, and especially in hers." Yet he was not without some little misgiving lest

she might possibly don something which high society could criticise.

He was not kept long in suspense, for Maud acted in all things with neatness and dispatch. Good health and proper training insure such results. She came down stairs and stood before him—the embodiment of most excellent taste and natural loveliness; money, he thought, could have added nothing to her charms.

They were soon driving briskly down the pike, enjoying the cool breezes which fanned their faces. Their respective sensations, however, can be better imagined than described.

Nature's rustic beauty was soon exchanged for the city's panorama of fine architecture and cultivated gardens. There he showed her various places of public interest and many private residences of the wealthy. She was delighted with everything; he, with her appreciative and discriminating comments.

It is needless to say that these drives were repeated as often as the Judge felt it proper to ask; or rather, not quite so often, for, on several occasions, she had excuses and would not go. Then he would suffer a lover's chagrin, driving alone to the city, but consoling himself with the reflection that her modesty was largely the cause of his disappointment.

CHAPTER IV

THE INEVITABLE

Society now had its curiosity aroused. "Who is this pretty girl that Judge Marshall is driving about?"

The question was whispered from one to another, until finally some one made bold, in polite terms, to ask the Judge himself.

His answer was direct and unreserved. "She is Miss Maud Muller, whose father owns and works a farm five miles out on the Franklin Road."

"Then she is an ordinary farm girl, whose 'face is her fortune.'" Society now began to look askance at the Judge.

His sisters wouldn't believe there was anything serious in the affair. They, of course, had met her, and "admired her in her place." Indeed they could not have done otherwise and been human. But they credited their generous brother with supreme kindness in giving this appreciative country girl an occasional drive for sight-seeing.

The Judge, with masterly skill, followed up every advantage. He asked Mr. Muller's consent to see his daughter regularly. The good farmer, after re-

covering his breath, told the Judge his great respect for him couldn't frame a 'no.' The Judge, on his part, gallantly disclaimed any worthiness for the privilege.

The seasons rolled by, full of happiness for both, but surprises for their friends. The great contrast in the respective social positions of this couple made their unmistakable attachment seem more like fiction than fact.

But the principals in this affair soon lost their feeling of disparity or incongruity; for, in tastes, aspirations and attitude toward all things, they were most congenial.

The Judge felt that the time to speak for the great desire of his heart was ripening.

One beautiful spring evening fortune seemed favorable. As they started out driving, the horse stopped to drink at the spring-brook—that place of especial enchantment for the Judge.

"Ah! Chestnut also loves this water," said his master.

"Who doesn't?" asked Maud simply.

"It was here we first met."

"Yes."

"And on the next day I asked you to drive."

"Yes."

"Do you remember the adjective I addressed to you?"

The peaches on Maud's cheek took on a deeper pink. "You called me a dear *child*," she answered in a tone of affected reproach.

"And you thought yourself more than a child, didn't you?"

"Why, of course, I was three years older than the proverbial 'sweet sixteen.'"

"Then you are now twenty, if my addition is correct."

"Your arithmetic is not to be credited so much as your curiosity, for I once caught you reading my birthday entry in our Family Bible."

"Well, forgive me, I simply wanted to find out the day, not the year. But come, I do not propose to discuss such a prosaic subject as ages."

"Well, then drive on," urged Maud, with a show of impatience; "your horse has had more than enough water."

"Let's rest a moment in this shade."

At this unusual suggestion Maud looked the Judge full in the face and made him color. An awkward pause was threatening, but the Judge quickly recovered himself and said: "We were discussing addition were we not? Next comes subtraction. Words can be subtracted as well as numbers. In the

expression under consideration, which you pretend to dislike—"My dear child"—I will cheerfully subtract the objectionable word and call you simply 'My dear.' "

Maud's lashes fell and she winced.

"Drive on," she pleaded again as she playfully grabbed the rein. "That cloud in the west looks threatening. We shall be caught yet in a storm if we do not hurry. I never knew you so unwilling to drive with me."

"Come, my dear," said the Judge most earnestly, "storms do not figure now."

Maud started again. Then fixed her eyes down upon the embroidery of the lap-cover.

"Dear Maud," he continued deliberately but with quavering voice, "you cannot fail to have observed my extreme pleasure at being in your presence whenever possible. You cannot fail to have read my most sincere esteem in the gifts which you were good enough to accept, unworthy as they were. And now, my dear Maud, I beg to confess with my mouth what my actions have told you all along—that you are the chief object of my heart."

The Judge paused, but Maud's attitude was unchanged.

"This is a case," continued the Judge, in the tone of charging a jury, "a case of love at first sight.

But it has been thoroughly tested and now, upon your answer—a simple ‘yes’—my lifelong happiness is hanging. Tell me, dear girl, that my love is fully reciprocated.”

Maud's face was now half-hidden by her hat rim, as she gazed fixedly upon the lap-cover. At length, when the silence was becoming awkward, she raised her eyes resolutely to speak, but felt her voice falter. Provoked at her own emotions, she knew not how to do. She would not disclose her heart now. A little time for reflection she considered wise. “Pardon me, Judge,” she finally forced her tongue to say. “I feel complimented, by what you have said, but—”

“But one word will express all,” he pleaded, “a sweet and definite ‘yes.’ ”

“No—I cannot say so,” she replied.

“Well, only give me the assurance that my love is at least partially reciprocated, dear.”

“Why, that would be a complete surrender,” and she laughed in spite of her agitation.

(At this point the curtain falls, for Maud positively refused to confide any more to her biographer. But she admitted closing the scene somewhat after this fashion—.)

“Drive on now—we are lovers—but nothing more.”

“But we shall drive on indeed to the consummation of perfect happiness,” he insisted.

And they drove on, but it is needless to say they saw nothing but—each other.

Within a reasonable time, the Judge had gained her full promise, and in consequence, despite his reputed self-possession, could scarcely restrain his joy. His decisions in court leaned more than ever toward mercy. Wherever he turned, the world was aglow with the halo of beauty and love. He was destined, as he told himself, to be the happiest man in the world.

In a quiet little country church, the nuptial ceremony was performed. City and country were both well represented, taxing the capacity of the sacred edifice and filling the spacious lawn outside. The beautiful October weather filled the scene with a natural loveliness, as the congregation, inside and out, listened as one to the impressive service.

A trip to Niagara rounded out the honeymoon; after which they settled down in his luxurious mansion.

CHAPTER V

THORNS

Life is not all one bed of roses; or, if it is, the thorns are bound sometimes to assert themselves.

This fact was soon forced upon the newly-wed. Though surrounded by every reasonable luxury, the bride quickly felt the ill-concealed displeasure of her sisters-in-law. They had contemplated a brilliant 'catch' for their brother, to add to their already large fortune; instead, he had married a plain country girl with practically no dowry. Their chagrin and mortification were restrained only by the great love they bore him.

Maud knew their attitude perfectly: she was deeply wounded by it, and yet had the grace to overlook and forgive. She had been taught always to place herself by imagination in the position of the other party to a controversy and to apply the Golden Rule. Now, outside of her childhood's home, she had this heroic lesson to practice.

In her magnanimity, therefore, she determined to show the disappointed sisters every kindness; and to make up to them in the wealth of love what she lacked in the wealth of gold.

But the god of gold is an implacable tyrant. Behind his shining countenance he hides a heart of stone.

His unrelenting harshness was soon in evidence.

One morning, as they all sat down to breakfast, Bessie opened the conversation with a thrust.

"Well, brother, you didn't look very happy last night at the Fitzgeralds'."

"Didn't I?" asked the Judge in surprise.

"No," was the answer. "Several times a look of keen displeasure clouded your brow. What ailed you?"

"Oh, I remember, sister. I was hurt by a remark of Agnes Bitterson. She is not always considerate in her speeches, and last night flung at me a cruel dart which cut to the quick. Had it been a personal reflection upon myself alone, I could have treated it with indifference. But it was a fling at Maud: it insinuated that she was unacquainted with the ways of polite society. Maud overheard it all, and so I can speak unreservedly in her presence."

Maud said nothing to the glances now directed at her; she calmly awaited developments.

"Well," continued Bess, "it is certainly embarrassing to be continually shielding the uninitiated. Maud, I admit, is a sweet sister to me, but saying

this, I have said all. She has not been trained for society and her 'breaks' are mortifying."

"There you are mistaken, sister," retorted the brother, with rising indignation. "My wife is not only a jewel in this home, but she is peer to any lady in society. She may occasionally betray a lack of knowledge in some of the finer touches of surface etiquette, but her tact offsets that. She is no more to be condemned for ignorance in these non-essentials than an American visiting London who should attempt to drive to the right instead of the left. Differences of custom are mere externals which do not affect character. Maud has learned considerable since I first met her, while her innate refinement makes her the equal of any woman."

"There now," declared Alice, playfully, "the decision is rendered and Miss Bess Marshall is silenced."

"Yes," said the elder sister, petulantly, "condemned in the righteous cause of upholding the name of Marshall. A stranger from the country is preferred to me by my only brother who once vowed that no woman could ever step between him and his family." And Bessie's eyes filled with tears of vexation.

"Come, children," said Mrs. Marshall with a grieved look, "this is no fit conversation for the

breakfast table." Then, seeing the tears welling up in Maud's eyes also, she continued "Maud dear, and Bessie, too, you are both sisters and my children. Let no foolish feeling arise between you."

"Mother," sobbed Maud, "I have tried to be a true sister, but unfortunately, Bessie has placed an almost impassable barrier between us. It is hard to be criticised at every turn, and to be faulted whenever I return from a reception or other social function. A learner wants encouragement, not fault-finding, and I expected better treatment from my new sisters."

The appeal touched Alice, and she answered cordially, "Oh, certainly, Maud, your forgiving spirit is more valuable than all the surface polish of society. I esteem your love of infinitely greater worth than all the vain notions of the élite."

It was too evident, however, that Bessie voiced the sentiment of their social set, in ostracizing Maud. Although due credit was given the young bride for genuineness of character and nobleness of heart, society could not forget that she was farm-bred, without dowry, and presumably without pedigree.

The Judge chafed under this treatment. He resented it as a reflection upon his own judgment, as well as an insult to his noble wife. He would have

taken a firm stand and bravely lived down this injustice,—yea, this rudeness,—by eventually proving his wife's superiority in the very midst of her critics; but his mother advised otherwise. She felt the ordeal to be too much for so sensitive and high-spirited a girl as Maud. Therefore she recommended a temporary removal to another city.

It was an awful sacrifice for the mother and sisters to surrender their only son and brother, even for a season, but results, they felt, would soon compensate their loss.

And so it was determined. The Judge resigned from the bench which he had so honorably filled; many and strong were the protests of his professional friends, but decision once made, he was resolute.

The bride and groom, therefore, removed to B—, where he proceeded to practice law.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW HOME

For a while they made but few acquaintances excepting their nearest neighbors. In his professional circle, however, the Judge was soon recognized as an attorney of exceptional ability, and quickly rose to prominence. He and his wife were accordingly received into the most honorable society, not the "Four-hundred," but the circle of his professional business friends—those who, while comfortably rich, estimate men for their good rather than their gold.

Maud felt freer now, having no critical eyes scrutinizing her every action, and developed more and more those womanly charms which first attracted the Judge. The fact that she was a poor farmer's daughter was neither obtruded nor hidden by her. She was judged among her associates by her intrinsic worth, and accepted as a woman of most attractive manners and charming personality.

One day she and the Judge were comparing the differences between the new associates and the old.

"Why," she asked, "are the Four-hundred so exclusive?"

"Oh," he replied, "they pretend to be of a different stock from the general run of people. They think themselves made of a finer fibre and do not like their dainty fingers to touch ordinary folk. They consider hard work a disgrace, and live idly on their capital, acquired often by plunder. Fortune with them is as important (poor animals!) as pedigree is in horses and dogs. The latter, however, improve while the human idlers degenerate. If they would only study their betterment, fortune would help, for both inheritance and environment contribute to character-making. But their reliance upon fortune chiefly as the criterion of superiority leads them into that most detestible of idolatries—self-adoration."

"Speaking of fortune," said Maud, "I regret to say that even our Church schools sometimes manifest a prejudice in its favor. They discriminate against the plain people, either by prohibitive tuition fees or by refusing to admit persons of no recognized social standing.

"My father tried to get me into one, some four years ago, but they refused me admission. They claimed to be overcrowded, but it leaked out afterwards that the real ground of my rejection was our lack of money or social position. They profess to be working for a superior type of womanhood, and

considered a hay-raker, presumably, of too coarse a grain.

“When my father was assured, beyond all question, that this was the cause of my rejection, he was thoroughly aroused. He wrote a most indignant, though respectful, letter to the trustees, denouncing such an attitude for the Church as inconsistent with the spirit of the Divine Carpenter of Nazareth. He showed them that, according to the Bible, every man stands upon his own life and character before God, and that fortune or family prestige is only of secondary consideration. Then he claimed as honorable a descent as any of those trustees and invited them to our house to see the family heirlooms. He would show them a family coat-of-arms equal to any of the average English nobility.”

“I never knew that before,” interrupted the Judge with mingled surprise and pleasure. “Then my little wife from the farm has a distinguished pedigree, too. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because,” she laughed, “I rather hated the idea of pedigree ever since my rejection from the Church school. Moreover, I prefer to glory in that superior pedigree recorded by St. Luke, and shared by all humanity—‘which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.’”

In her new home, Maud soon made her usefulness felt. She readily attached herself to the nearest church and threw her whole soul into its work, especially the efforts on lines of charity.

In this employ, she quickly learned the feelings of the poor, their grinding poverty, their mutual sympathy and their distrustfulness of the rich. She felt also the bitterness of social conditions which permitted a country, overladen with the good things of life, to harbor so much pauperism and cruelty. Accustomed to the sweet air and healthful environment of country life, she was often made heartsick at the dark, crowded tenements where infants and aged people were virtually imprisoned, and even those of strong age were robbed of their vitality by the lack of good sanitation and food.

"These tenements," she remarked at the table one day, "are veritable jails—yes, worse, for they breed crime, while the jails are supposed to reform the criminal. What can we expect of these poor creatures when their daily portion is bad food, bad language, and immoral surroundings. Give them purity of feeding for body, mind and soul, and they will be almost transfigured. They cannot all be cleansed in a day, but a decade or a generation would, under favorable conditions, make a new race."

"You are perfectly right, my dear," answered the Judge with enthusiasm. "There is much room for improvement in social conditions. A great gulf seems to yawn between the extreme classes of society; the upper 'Four-hundred' live idly on their money while the 'submerged tenth' exist in a condition worse than beasts. Yet this country is boastfully called 'The Land of Freedom.' "

"How do you account, George, for this great disparity in men's conditions?"

"The causes of this cruel inequality are various, Maud. It must be admitted that many are kept on the verge of starvation by drink and shiftlessness; while, on the other hand, comfort and luxury are attained in many cases by brilliancy of mind and untiring application. Yet, the children of these two diverse classes inherit, often undeserved, the respective conditions of their parents, and, to some extent, perpetuate them. In this way, some worthy folk are very poor, while worthless men may be rolling in wealth."

"But can't these worthy poor rise by honest effort?"

"Yes, sometimes. But it is a most pathetic fact that many who try to rise are beaten back by the greed of men who might easily help them. In the struggle for money, men are blind to their brothers'

interests and frequently hinder rather than help each other. I have known men who thought to rise by accepting a tempting offer of increased wages from another firm, and then in a few weeks they were betrayed by their new employers and turned adrift. Isn't that enough to embitter men's lives?

"Conditions in the social world are badly in need of readjustment. Honesty is not uniformly at a premium. Conscience is sacrificed often to expediency and the 'Golden Rule' is repudiated as belonging only to the skies. Yes, sad to say, men now boldly declare that you can't live the 'Sermon on the Mount' and prosper—"

"That is shameful," put in Maud, with rising indignation. "This Christian country disowning the laws of Christ!"

"Yes, deception is often practiced and winked at. Misrepresentation of goods deceives customers into the belief that they are getting a bargain. The practical motto in commercial circles is 'Look out for No. 1; let the other fellow do likewise.'"

"What remedy is there for such a sad state of affairs?" asked Maud, earnestly. "Can't the churches purify the commercial world?"

"They can, to a limited extent. As 'the salt of the earth,' Christians are keeping society from utter decay. But sometimes decay goes too far for even

salt to arrest. Then the carcass must be entirely removed. Such a carcass is this Competitive System, which thoughtful men are beginning to regard as essentially vicious and demoralizing. As a substitute a 'Co-operative Commonwealth' is proposed, wherein every citizen is to work for the general good, instead of 'every fellow for himself'—which motto, as a recent writer facetiously but aptly declared, is borrowed from the hog-pen."

"That co-operative idea sounds splendid. Why hasn't it been adopted long ago?"

"It is being tried in some small countries like Switzerland and New Zealand with marked success. But the larger countries lumber along slowly and painfully. They have had other great problems to settle. Now, that modern inventions have brought the human family so close together that we all touch shoulders, the logic of the situation is that we must work together—not apart. When men lived at great distances and travel was slow, competition helped perhaps more than it hindered. But now that we touch and jostle one another, we must take hold of hands for mutual protection and the general good. Otherwise, society will collapse in internecine warfare, as the crowded army of the Midianites which opposed Gideon."

"The subject is a most interesting one, George. Why don't college professors, and other molders of public opinion, lecture on the subject and educate students and the general public up to this grand ideal?"

"They might. But it takes time to persuade such men to leave their routine duties and teach something which appears novel. Besides, many are muzzled by the rich benefactors of these institutions. Capitalists, after all, are the most short-sighted, or else the most selfish, creatures on earth. They either fail to see that co-operation would mean a great gain for everybody, rich and poor, in the shifting of harrowing financial anxiety from their shoulders to the Government's; or, if they do see it, they are not satisfied to share life's blessings with all, for they wish to corner all the profits for themselves."

"But come," he added, as they arose from the table, "let us go into the library and I will introduce you to a book which will clear the whole matter for you and show the feasibility of universal co-operation."

As they retired, the Judge took Maud's arm in his and said, with an affectionate pressure of her hand: "We two represent an indissoluble union. Don't

you think it possible for Capital and Labor to unite in a similar happy compact?"

"I trust so," answered Maud sweetly; and then roguishly added: "It was literally Capital and Labor which first met at my father's spring."

"Oh, come now, you scamp;" corrected the Judge, "there was some of each on both sides. At any rate, Capital, as usual, got the better of the bargain."

"But here is the book to open the world's eyes. It is not a brand new one, for it first appeared in 1887. Strange to say, many well-informed folks have never read it. 'Looking Backward' is the title, and the late Edward Bellamy the author. The scene is laid in Boston and the time is the year 2000 A. D. But read it for yourself, Maud."

In a few days she had read the book through. Indeed she re-read and studied it closely between household duties, for it appealed strongly to her conscience. It sounded to her as the knell of oppression and greed. It was like a New Year bell "ringing in the Christ life that is to be."

When the subject was resumed one evening, she said, "George, I have a suggestion to make. You know how admirers of Shakespeare, Browning or other standard poets form clubs for the purpose of studying their favorites. Now, why cannot we form a 'Bellamy Club' to study him? His philosophy and

his language place him among the classics. There is the ring of New Testament ideals in every chapter of 'Looking Backward.' "

"Now, Maud," laughed the Judge, "do you wish to be accused of being a Socialist?"

"An investigator of the truth under any name has nothing to fear, and I will say this without hesitation, that in the present social unrest, Bellamy's plan presents at least the semblance of an excellent practical solution."

"Bravo!" cried the Judge. "My wife has made one of the most sagacious speeches that I have ever heard even from the most gifted statesmen. We will invite a few of our friends next Tuesday to the house, and discuss the advisability of forming a Bellamy Club."

CHAPTER VII

A BELLAMY CLUB

On the evening appointed, the Judge's parlor presented an animated scene. A score of his most intimate friends had assembled by invitation, drawn both by the well-known hospitality of the Marshalls and the novel idea of studying Bellamy.

After a few minutes of pleasant chatting the Judge, with his wonted promptness, got down to the purpose of the gathering.

"Friends, we will not be at all formal," he began, "but I wish to explain briefly the object of this meeting. We have invited you to come and discuss the advisability of forming a Bellamy Club for the study of ideal Socialism. Don't be scared! There was a time when that word suggested to many the wild ideas of disaffected dreamers in Europe. That time is past. Socialism to-day is becoming more and more respected as it is better understood. To gain an intelligent view of the subject will be our purpose. Are you all willing to make a trial?"

The answers were various. Curiosity and the love of fun prompted some of the younger persons to give an immediate affirmative. A few thought

the time would be wasted on the study of such a Utopian scheme. Another small proportion, including two law students, seriously wished to study the matter.

At any rate, all finally agreed to make a trial of the proposal. The Judge was made President of the Club, by acclamation. He thereupon appointed for discussion at the next meeting, the first chapter of "Looking Backward."

CHAPTER VIII

ANALYSIS OF BELLAMY'S SOCIALISM

With lively anticipations the Club assembled for the study of Bellamy, but with diverse expectations. The younger folks awaited the discussion as eagerly as school-boys look forward to a game of baseball. They expected a good contest. Several of the elderly members felt that there would be no close contest at all, but rather looked for an easy overthrowing of this 'man of straw'—this Utopian Bellamy! Others took the matter quite seriously, especially the law students, who, with the Judge and Maud, believed in the imperative need of a civic reformation.

"Now," said the Judge in opening the meeting, "we are met to study Bellamy's first chapter, which all, presumably, have read. Allow me to ask first whether our author has given a true portrayal of present social conditions?"

After a moment's pause, several of the more thoughtful volunteered comments in succession, evincing a general agreement that Bellamy's estimate of the social situation is correct. His assertion that money is the chief factor in the rise and fall of men was pronounced incontrovertible; while the

fickleness of its possession is also a point well taken.

But to this general view, one voice demurred. It was that of Doctor Owens, an eminent oculist. He contended that Bellamy's picture was largely overdrawn. It was a clever piece of fiction, but could not be substantiated by the facts of our every-day life. The rise and fall of fortunes is only an incident in social life, an exception to the general rule of steady advancement for the worthy. The vast majority of men, he declared, get their deserts.

Mr. Brierly, one of the law students, ventured to answer the doctor. "My observation," he said in a tone of respectful non-concurrence, "is that the doctor's roseate view is, unfortunately, not supported by facts. I work with the Charity Organization Society and learn from the poor a great deal of the oppression, injustice and partiality practiced by the moneyed men. Moreover, the unrest among almost all laboring classes, the graft and corruption in high stations, the large army of the unemployed and the innumerable acts of petty injustice daily practiced in both wholesale and retail trade, all these facts refute the assertion that men generally get their deserts. The doctor is busied in his professional duties from morning till night, enthusiastically pursuing his calling and doubtless collecting the majority of his bills. Only the well-to-do come

to him, for the very poor buy cheap glasses or at least rise no higher than free consultation with the optician. As we walk down the streets and see the stores busied in dispensing their goods, we imagine prosperity is everywhere, because the storekeepers 'put their best foot forward' to attract trade, but behind the scenes there is a great deal of anxiety and commercial envy."

"Well," said the doctor with an air of kind indulgence toward the young man, "men may suffer some anxiety in the race for supremacy, and sometimes even fail, but it is largely their own fault. Yet, even when beaten, they can try again, for life is full of resources. This law of struggle,—or as scientists call it, the 'Survival of the Fittest,'—sifts out the best men for responsible positions, and spurs the 'failures' to renewed effort, thus developing character all along the line."

"This is a plausible theory, Doctor," rejoined the student, "but, like the Darwinian theory, it is only speculative. Darwin substituted for a personal Providence, a merciless process whereby myriads of beings must perish to produce one perfect creature. And now successful men invoke the same fierce method in justification of the present competitive system, wherein one man rises to fortune while a hundred live from hand to mouth. The man who

rushes to a gold field and becomes a millionaire is extravagantly admired, while the score or two who lose everything in the same attempt are quickly forgotten. The commercial world to-day is but the Roman arena restored. The gladiators then fought for gore; now, for gold. But in either case we see applause lavished upon the victors, while the vanquished are wantonly signalled to death."

"Do you mean to say," interposed the oculist, "that all successful men have attained to high position by practicing injustice?"

"Not all," said Brierly. "Indeed the blame is chargeable largely to the *system*, which virtually places the foot of one man upon the necks of twenty. It is daily hardening many hearts while breaking others."

"Then you still insist that injustice is at the root of most success."

"Again I must qualify your way of expressing it, Doctor. I know and cheerfully grant you that there are plenty of successful men to-day who are, and always have been, most honorable and honest in business; but I must add the further assertion that the majority of over-rich men have risen to fortune by crooked means which the present system has fostered. This is not too severe an indictment. Bribery even has invaded the United States Senate,

so that now the Nation's interests are being sold into the hands of unscrupulous capitalists. Can you, Doctor, enjoy your well-earned prosperity, while the country and its helpless citizens are sold as in a slave market?"

"Well," replied the doctor, relenting, "I mean to be perfectly fair; and for the sake of permitting the discussion to proceed, I will withhold any further objections for the present."

Before adjournment, it was agreed to meet weekly.

At the second meeting, the following conversation took place:

"Granting, as we seemed to do last week," said the Judge, "that Mr. Bellamy has fairly drawn the sketch of present conditions, we will proceed to consider his remedy. What solution does he suggest? Will some one now tell us by what process the author shows the marvelous change from Nineteenth Century unrest to Twentieth Century contentment and peace?"

Mr. Williams, law student, volunteered the answer, thus: "It was effected chiefly by a process of political evolution. By degrees, capital became more and more concentrated; small stores were swallowed up by department stores; small factories were absorbed by large combines; trusts always won the vic-

tory over their weaker competitors until, despite the protests of the victims of this relentless process, business was monopolized by the few. Yet the consumers, as such, did not suffer very seriously. On the contrary they realized that the great economy resulting from production and distributing on a grand scale somewhat mitigated the evils of Trustism. The logic of the whole situation was thus summed up in the popular mind: Let the Nation be the only Trust, and we shall derive all the benefits while avoiding all the evils.

“Thus, with the Nation as the sole owner and employer, economy of administration reached its goal and all the abuses of Trustism vanished.

“The reasonableness of this new ‘Declaration of Independence’ by the people against Capitalism was analogous to that of 1776. As Bellamy puts it (p. 56)—for I have eagerly read ahead—

“ ‘The people of the United States concluded to assume the conduct of their own business, just as one hundred odd years before they had assumed the conduct of their own government, organizing now for industrial purposes on precisely the same grounds that they had then organized for political purposes.’

“We might add that the Declaration of 1776 was attended by a bloody *Revolution*. This latter is represented as the flower of a peaceful *Evolution*.”

"Very good, thank you, Mr. Williams," said the Judge. "And now we will permit each one to express his or her views, individually."

This was done in a pleasant and chatty way, all agreeing that a peaceful evolution blooming into Ideal Socialism, is a consummation most desirable and practicable.

As a conclusion to the evening's pleasure Maud played and sang several solos, her inimitable voice, naturally rich, showing wonderful improvement by its recent course of training.

Her ardent patriotism found expression on this occasion especially in the beautiful ode (written by John McDowell Leavitt) :

OUR FLAG

Wave, Flag of Beauty! starred on High,
Our Fathers gave thee to the sky
Mid storm and night:
Baptized with blood, in battle torn,
If, oft thy folds were stained and worn,
Yet on to triumph were they borne,
And Freedom's light.

Fly, Flag of Freedom! Where a spot
In darkness did thy beauty blot
No stain we see.
With thanks to Heaven our song we raise:
All nations swell the voice of praise!
Each star gives splendor to the blaze
Of Liberty.

Float, Flag of Promise, o'er a world
The pledge of Freedom wide unfurl'd
On land and sea!
Float on, forever gone thy stains!
Float on 'til Earth has burst her chains!
Float on while Heaven bends o'er our plains!
Thine Eagle free!

Our Flag of Glory, fly no more
Where mid mad battle's thunder-roar
We brothers slay!
Glow love in souls where once glared ire!
Then never will a star expire
Until the heavens in final fire
Have passed away.

(Used by permission.)

Subsequent meetings developed new and deeper enthusiasm until a second club was formed and then a third, the new clubs being placed under the leadership of the law students.

The interest in each club became more and more intensified as they studied the various aspects of Bellamy's plan, such as:

"The Great Economy under Socialism."

"Freedom for Self-Culture."

"The Government Credit-Coupons."

"The Care of the Helpless."

"Benefits of Socialism to Rich and Poor Alike in the Elimination of All Financial Anxiety."

Dr. Owens, however, could not see the advantages as quickly as others saw them, and presented his

objections one evening in this manner: "Gentlemen, you are certainly growing enthusiastic over this proposed Socialism. But to me it appears largely theoretical and visionary. Let us test it by a concrete case. Without the suspicion of egotism I can best use my own experience as an illustration.

"We will suppose now, that Socialism is universally adopted. Money is no longer in use, but every citizen gets the same amount of credit tickets as salary—we will say equal to the purchasing power of \$3,000. Now, with this amount, I must say, no professional man could do justice to his profession, his family or himself. Here are my family's annual expenses in round numbers:

Table	\$2,000
Clothing	800
Lodges and Life Insurance.....	1,000
Fire Insurance.....	100
Church	700
Children's Education	500
Library	400
Professional Instruments.....	600
Gifts	400
Travelling Expenses.....	300
Taxes	300
Servants	1,000
Stable	400
Sundries	500
	<hr/>
	\$9,000

Now, I like to save at least \$1,000 per year 'for a rainy day'; and you see I have allowed nothing for emergencies, repairs, etc. So, by close figuring I find I must have at least \$10,000 per year to live comfortably, and to see my family properly cared for and educated. Socialism, however, would cut me down to \$3,000. Is that fair after I have spent years of time and hundreds of dollars on my education?"

"My dear Doctor," answered a Dr. Phillips who had recently joined the club, "as a dentist I can readily sympathize with your objections. But first, we must not overlook the fact that every member of the family, under Bellamy's plan, receives a credit-book. Hence the larger the family the greater the support.

"Now, while we will still have to retain, to some extent, the expenses of table, clothing, church, and personal sundries, all the others practically are eliminated. When the Government owns all producing and distributing facilities; educates every one, supports each and every citizen with a substantial credit-book, then all need of insurance vanishes; all taxes are done away; books and instruments and all other tools are provided without stint; and even household servants will be generally unnecessary, for with government cafés and improved systems of

heating and cleaning, the work of a home will dwindle down to the mere 'keeping the house in good order'; this will furnish just enough physical exercise for our wives and daughters, who will take a greater pride in tidying their own homes and (only when they wish) preparing their own meals."

"You make no allowance," still objected Dr. Owens, "for the care of children. Shall our wives have all this care of tending the children with their other home duties?"

"This touches an important moral question," answered Dr. Phillips, with increasing enthusiasm. "Who better can care for a child than its own mother? This is God's way. But when men pervert His way and society takes mothers away from home, leaving the little ones to irresponsible and often immoral nurses, who can estimate the risk to the young child's character? I want to see mothers acting as practical mothers, guarding their children as sacred trusts, and delighting to give them their first and best attention."

"Well," answered Dr. Owens, "your proposed system seems clever enough, but I cannot swallow it all at once. I still feel that a man's individuality and personal independence is lost when he is thus made a ward of the Government."

"Not at all, Doctor, not at all," returned Dr. Phillips. "He is not a ward, but a partner on an equality with all his fellows, sharing all profits and losses, in the greatest of all corporations. His personality is uplifted, raised above all petty anxieties, and his sole concern is to work for the good of humanity at the Government's expense. He is thus literally fulfilling the Divine injunction and promise: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Doesn't that increase our usefulness and magnify our personality ten-fold?"

"I thank you, Doctor," said the oculist, "for giving me some grand ideals to think about."

The Judge then continued the discussion by saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have been considering not only the practical question of family support, but also that of the moral phase of Socialism. I have asked my wife to tell us something of the ethical side of present-day charity, as she sees it in the slums."

Maud, accordingly, began:

"My dear friends, when I lived in my quiet and sweet country home as a girl, and often longed for city life, I had no idea of the suffering and the uncleanliness and wickedness which prevail in large cities. Now by contact with all classes of people I

know too well the evils which exist. Extreme poverty fosters vice, as does extreme wealth. The love of money and the need of money are the twin causes of much sin. Only the well-to-do middle classes, as a rule, live under conditions which permit genuine goodness of life. There are noble exceptions in both extreme classes, who are saints in spite of wealth or its absence; but, as a rule, the proper environment for developing true character is simple comfort.

“Now those among whom I work in the slums are comfortless. We help them all we can, but it is, alas! only patchwork. For the most part, they receive our money as a matter of course, without any depth of appreciation, for they believe the rich do not feel what they give.

“‘The crumbs from the rich man’s table’ are given and received with but little heart feeling. Yes, so-called charity is too often cold on both sides. Moreover, those who do not receive charity—*i. e.*, the self-reliant poor—are tempted often to dishonesty by the bad examples of the dishonest rich. ‘If,’ they reflect, ‘these people who are above want and anxiety can be dishonest and yet retain their place in high society, am I to be condemned for a trifling dishonesty?’ The hard grind of their lives serves therefore as an excuse for petty crookedness

—such as that of some conductors who, it is alleged, keep back part of the car-fares. Indeed, so often are these people held under suspicion that they are almost impelled toward evil, on the soul-destroying theory:

‘As we have the blame,
We’ll merit the name.’

“The temptation to petty dishonesty is also seen in the way both rich and poor misrepresent their children’s ages when travelling on the cars. Again, often my heart bleeds at the deplorable standard in many homes, based upon money consideration rather than righteousness. For example, a parent will severely whip a child for breaking a dish, though accidentally; but for breaking one of God’s commandments willfully, they let them go unreprieved.

“Furthermore, those poor men who are compelled to work seven days per week are not only kept from church attendance, but grow antagonistic toward the Church because the ‘pillars’ are often those employers who exact a seven-day week of labor.

“Is it not our Christian duty to change these sentiments of the poor by altering their conditions? Will the legislatures correct these abuses? Not as long as they are controlled by the money power. The mercenary character of our legislatures is un-

deniable; it is now proverbial. Like corporations, they have no souls. I am no politician, but even a woman can see that the honest people of the country, led by the Church of God, *must* assume the reigns of government. The voice of the honest people is the voice of God. God can work directly only through those in harmony with Him. Politicians and corrupt legislators must be relegated to the rubbish heap of dead and dying evils.

"If we pray, as I trust we all do daily, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' we must work for that ideal. The Golden Rule has been voted out of politics and commerce, with brazen effrontery; let the Church put it back into practical, every-day life. We may bring upon ourselves, as did the Apostles, the charge of 'turning the world upside down.' We will show, as they did, that we are only turning it right-side up.

"Capitalism is keeping the poor away from church. It is with equal cruelty keeping the rich out of the kingdom of heaven. While our pulpits are denouncing materialism, they should translate this theological term into its modern name 'Capitalism'—a term which the people understand. Isn't it our Christian duty, friends, if possible, to adopt a system in which money will not figure, but all men's actions will be prompted by the motive to work for their country, humanity, and God?"

CHAPTER IX

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS

The Bellamy clubs grew so rapidly in numbers and influence that Socialism became a strong issue in the fall election. Judge Marshall was urged to accept the nomination for Congress. He tried hard to decline, owing to pressure of professional duties; but friends insisted that he must accept, as the logical candidate. Finally, he decided to yield, at the risk of losing a good deal of business, for he felt the cause worthy of the sacrifice.

At first, the campaign was fought largely upon political lines; but soon, some of the Bellamyists insisted that the religious aspect of the matter should be emphasized. This idea came more and more to the front, until many pulpits were stirred to speak on the question, some ignoring, others denouncing it as "Radicalism."

A grand rally was planned for Socialism one night in the large auditorium of the Academy of Music. The Judge was expected to deliver his master effort on this occasion, consequently the house was packed by friends and foes, as well as the curious.

As his theme the Judge announced :

“Socialism a Panacea.”

He began by saying that men are quick to distrust anything which claims to be a ‘cure-all.’ Yet every true Christian believes the Gospel to be such. Why then should not the Gospel applied to society be its perfect cure? Why should it not correct every evil? This is simple Socialism. “Therefore I affirm,” said the Judge, “that Socialism, or the Gospel in action, will work a cure for all our present social evils.

“We must work on the principle of brotherly love; we must adopt a system of co-operation, for in no other way can social Christianity work with any degree of success.

“Under the competitive system, we have a host of difficult problems: Sabbath-Desecration; Liquor Question; Divorce Evil; Graft; Nepotism; Government Favoritism; Child Labor; Tenement House Cruelty; Pauperism; Petty Theft and Grand Larceny.

“Let me briefly show how Socialism will make these evils vanish, as the spring sun melts the winter’s snow heaps.

'SABBATH VIOLATION'

"I mean by this, not simply the desecration of the Christian Sunday, but also the practice of employing men's services seven days a week. Granting that some work is actually necessary on Sunday, then those men obliged to work on that day should have some other day of rest during the week. This is the only way faithfully to keep the 4th Commandment. Divine mercy provides one day's rest in every seven for man and beast. Human greed encroaches upon that principle and on some pretext, more or less specious, deprives many of that right. How could Socialism remedy this? By such careful Government regulation as would provide hours of labor and rest equitably for all.

'THE LIQUOR PROBLEM'

"Why have we so many saloons? Because there is *money* in it. Broken-down prize-fighters and sportsmen often take this up as a lucrative and easy job. Take away the money motive and you will close the saloons. Then the Government can take hold, dispense only pure drinks and provide such safeguards and penalties as reduce intemperance to a minimum.

“Let me hasten to say, right at this point, that we Socialists do not claim to ‘legislate men into heaven,’ as some scoffingly accuse us. We do not claim that all wickedness will be blotted out. That can be effected only by Divine grace in the individual soul.

“But we do claim that we will make social environments so clean and pure, that very little room will be left for temptation from without. We are aiming for a minimum of temptation, just as the Garden of Eden, full of luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, had only one forbidden tree.

‘DIVORCE’

“How far money considerations figure in matrimonial engagements, no man can safely estimate. Yet we know its influence is lamentably large. And it is not altogether absent, even from the minds of conscientious people. Our love songs and romances and newspaper reports are largely colored by the money factor. How much more is this the case with the unscrupulous! Money is almost everything with them in matrimonial alliances. No wonder unhappiness is the quick result in the loveless home. The next step is into the divorce court. Take away money and people will marry chiefly from admiration and love.

'GRAFT; GOVERNMENT FAVORITISM; GREED'

"All these are the rank weeds of which the love of money is the root. Tear up the root and the weeds will wither and die.

'CHILD LABOR'

"and all other cruel exploitation of the weak by the strong will be forever done away. A Government by Socialism will educate all children up to adult life, and put all on an equality of opportunity, while the strong will have to work for the weak, not vice versa.

"And so we are not ashamed or afraid to proclaim Socialism as a Panacea or 'Cure-all.' Any political platform which cannot claim as much, my fellow-citizens, is not worthy of your support."

"How would you inaugurate such a revolution?" cried a stentorian voice from the rear of the hall.

"I am glad you asked that practical question," replied the Judge. "First, however, permit me to change that word revolution to '*evolution*.' It will be indeed a growth. We see it already advancing. Combination and unionism are everywhere at work. Capital and labor both recognize the strength of union in their respective spheres. This process of

uniting will continue while the number of trusts and unions will correspondingly lessen. Finally, by our intelligent co-operation with the evolution now at work, and by wise leadership, we shall bring all the streams into one. That one union of all confluent streams is necessarily the Nation.

“This gradual process will hurt nobody. No one will be summarily deprived of his possessions; property will be bought by the Government as long as money has any value. Our duty is to further Socialism by encouraging and fostering Government purchase and ownership. The sentiment in this direction is growing fast in cities, states and the Nation at large. When we have reached the climax of public ownership, all citizens will share equally the profits and benefits of this ideal economic Union, and vie with each other in contributing their best efforts to the general good.”

“Will we not then become the slaves of an autocratic Government, with all power centralized at Washington?” shouted the same voice.

“Impossible,” answered the Judge. “If extreme centralization were fortified by money, it would, indeed, be a terror. But with all money and mercenary politicians eliminated, what imaginable tyranny can exist? The central Government under Socialism will be in fact, as it is now in name, the

servant to the people, responding to their will as the 'Central' telephone office does to the call of its subscribers. This is the only culmination to true American Democracy."

At the close of the meeting, the chairman announced that "The Religious Aspects of Socialism," would be the subject at a special meeting in this same auditorium on the following Sunday afternoon. The meeting would be strictly religious, and only such subjects as were suited to the sacredness of the day would be introduced.

CHAPTER X

A RELIGIOUS MASS MEETING

A great throng filled the auditorium on Sunday afternoon; even standing-room was at a premium.

The meeting was opened with Scripture reading by the pastor of Christ Church. He chose Micah, III 9 to IV 7, inclusive, and then offered prayer.

This was followed by the hymn "America," sung by the whole assemblage, standing.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

The same clergyman was announced as the first speaker. He began thus:

"We have come together, friends, by invitation of one of the candidates for Congress, to discuss the 'Christian Aspect of our Politics.' Let it be remembered that this meeting is not designed to catch votes; nor does any one here by his presence on the platform or in the auditorium commit himself to any

party or candidate. What we purpose to emphasize is that the 'Golden Rule' should prompt our actions in all political and commercial activities. The rule of Mammon is so popular that we must stem a very strong tide running against us. Let us urge this principle; and whatever we vote, let it be with unselfish desire for the good of all. We can thus assist very materially in promoting a healthy sentiment among our fellow-men in favor of the Golden Rule and in opposition to the Rule of Gold. To bring these thoughts forcibly before you, I have chosen the words of a prophet of Israel who lived 700 years before the Christian Era. He faced conditions in Jerusalem similar, in their vicious effects, to those about us to-day, but not near so great or widespread as ours. If America does everything on a gigantic scale, greed is no exception. Listen to this fearless prophet as he challenges the rulers of the Nation:— (Micah, III 9-12).

“ ‘Hear this, I pray you, ye heads of the house of Jacob and rulers of the house of Israel, that abhor justice, and pervert all equity. They build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet they lean upon Jehovah, and say, ‘Is not Jehovah in the midst of us? no evil shall come

upon us.' Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of a forest.'

"Was their blood-guiltiness more cruel than our child-labor evils? Or their oppression more tyrannical than conditions in our slums?

"Such wickedness unrepented and uncorrected must inevitably be followed by national disaster. The predictions of the prophet were literally fulfilled. The strong city, as you know, fell into the hands of the enemy and was destroyed, with its beautiful and costly temple.

"Shall we escape if we persist in following Jerusalem in her sins:—money-loving, extortion, greed, oppression? Impossible.

"This history in the Bible is written for our learning. If we repent not, we shall likewise perish, for the same God rules to-day with unerring judgment. Thank Him, the door of repentance for the Nation is still open. A better day is pointed out. It was foretold by Micah; it is within our reach. In Chapter IV we read that Justice and Peace shall reign; God's Kingdom shall eventually be supreme; swords and weapons of cruelty shall be re-shaped into useful tools; the Lord shall reign, and every

man shall dwell secure at home in the bosom of his family."

At the close of this address, which was heard with rapt attention, Maud was introduced to sing as a solo, the following hymn. The rich, sweet tones rising and falling in graceful cadences with the varying expressions of thought, held the audience spell-bound. Some connoisseurs pronounced her at times almost, if not quite, equal to Adelina Patti:

God of our fathers,
Bless this our land;
Ocean to ocean
Owneth Thy hand.
Home of all nations
From far and near,
Give, to unite us,
Thy faith and fear.
God of our fathers
Failing us never,
God of our fathers,
Be ours forever.

Lord God of Sabaoth,
Mighty in war,
Boundless and numberless
Thine armies are.
Thy right hand conquereth
All that oppose;
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts,
Smite down our foes;
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Failing us never,
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Fight for us ever.

Lord God our Saviour,
Thy love o'erflows,
Making our wilderness
Bloom as the rose.
Thou with true liberty
Makest us free,
Knowing no master,
No king, but Thee;
Lord God our Saviour,
Failing us never,
Lord God our Saviour,
Reign Thou forever.

Spirit of unity,
Crown of all kings,
Find us a resting place
Under Thy wings:
By Thine own presence
Thy will be done,
Millions of free men
Banded as one.
Lord God almighty,
Failing us never,
Thine be the glory,
Now and forever.

There was a reverent hush as Maud sat down: then, all of a sudden, a mighty wave of applause swept through the house. When this finally subsided, Mr. Brierly was presented to speak upon "Socialism as a Religion."

He eloquently pointed out that the cause of the poor and oppressed, when they ask for pure justice from their employers, should be championed by the Church of the Divine Carpenter. "When the

Church," he urged, "is silent, in the face of flagrant wrong, the poor feel that it fears the rich: that it is a rich-men's club. Consequently they absent themselves from worship and exercise their religious impulses in the cause of a churchless Socialism. If this neglect continues, it will estrange the poor, until Socialism and the Church will be in antagonistic camps, arrayed in deadly strife. But this shall not, must not be. The Church is Christ's; so is Socialism: or, if you please to call it 'The Co-operative Commonwealth.' It is Bible doctrine, taught to the Jews during the Old Testament Theocracy; and to the Christians in the Acts of the Apostles. In both cases it was trampled down by a world unprepared for brotherhood. Now that the world by profession is Christian, the 'truth crushed to earth shall rise again.' "

At this juncture, an aged clergyman in one of the boxes, arose to interpose a question. The speaker paused while all eyes were turned in the direction of the box. "May I ask," said the old man in a deliberate tone, "how Socialism can claim to be practical Christianity, when it repudiates a fundamental principle which Jesus sanctioned, viz: the sacredness of private ownership? The Parable of the Talents shows this; it is implied in that of the Good Samaritan; The Unforgiving Servant; The

Unjust Steward; The Rich Man and Lazarus. Can you reconcile the foundations upon which these parables are built, with this novel doctrine of public ownership?"

"Reverend Sir," answered Mr. Brierly, "you have studied theology more than I. Therefore I do not presume to teach you on these points, except to remind you, if you will allow me, that our Saviour's favorite method of teaching was by illustration—with the use of facts familiar to His hearers. To have done otherwise would have been as absurd as to have preached to them in modern English. The employment of plain and familiar facts as illustrations to elucidate teaching does not carry with it the endorsement of those facts. If it did, we should be bound forever to polygamy, slavery, and Government by kings. But the Word of God teaches us 'to go on to perfection.' We have, therefore, advanced under the impulse and inspiration of Christian truth and teaching, and left these imperfect systems behind. We are now to make another advance, and move from the slavery of the competitive system to the freedom of co-operation. Moreover, as we translate our Lord's Aramean into modern English for the understanding of the people, so must we translate His doctrines into modern application. We shall find that in so doing, the parables which you

have cited would have equal, if not greater force under the proposed Socialism. For example, the 'talents' in the Parable do not necessarily mean money, but *personal endowments*. Such an interpretation gives far more point to the teaching. Herein Socialism helps very materially in the acceptance and practice of this teaching, for it promises to give to every one equal opportunity to improve his native endowments. On the other hand, the present competitive system holds money before the youth as a great, if not the greatest, incentive, and often reduces his aspirations to the sordid love of gain. Take, again, the Parable of the Good Samaritan: it loses none of its force and beauty by eliminating money from the story. The two-pence is only a small incident to the untiring sympathy and personal attention of the benefactor.

"And so with all Christ's parables. He did not teach any form of political economy except absolute righteousness. He left to us to apply His great principles and ideals to the changing needs of the ages.

"Let me say, in conclusion, that one of Christ's miracles culminates in the enforcement of a doctrine which is an essential tenet of Socialism: that is—strict economy. After the feeding of the five thousand, the Lord, who so easily made that abundance,

commanded: 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that *nothing be lost*.' How remarkable that carefulness on the part of the great Provider.

"And now that He lavishes upon this Nation the abundance of food and clothing, and all other riches, He likewise requires us to practice strict economy. If we fail to observe this command we are disobedient; we are wasting His blessings. Wastefulness, undoubtedly, is sin.

"The logic, therefore, of Socialism assumes the form of this syllogism:—

All wastefulness is sin,
The competitive system is wasteful,
Therefore, the competitive system is sin!"

After some sacred instrumental music, Mr. Matsuyama, a Japanese student, was introduced to speak upon "International Socialism—the Strongest Ally of Christian Missions."

His English was scholarly and fascinating in style; his delivery calm and effective. He was listened to with close attention, and his telling points were punctuated with generous applause. One point especially brought down the house. "The missionaries," he said, "try to teach to the not-yet

Christians the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of men. When the Japanese ask 'How long have you known these principles?' and are told 'Always,' they naturally ask again, 'Why do you not practice them? You have bitter rivalries in trade, you have tariffs and great war-ships and big guns, you despise foreigners, exploiting them and allowing rum to enter in and demoralize them; and even your Christianity is broken up into rival sects. You seem to practice contrary to your preaching. Where then is the power of your religion? Is it powerless to reform your personal life, your national life, your church life?'

"Now under Socialism—which I, as a Christian convert, believe to be Applied Christianity—these serious obstacles to the advancement of the Gospel will be forever done away. Japanese Socialism stretches its hands over the ocean and calls to America's Christian Socialism—'Brothers, we are one, we are one.' " (Great applause.)

It was then announced that Mrs. Marshall would sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and all the audience were invited to join in the chorus. This invitation seemed entirely unnecessary, for the enthusiasm to which the people were now wrought up, and the inspiration of Maud's ringing voice, demanded some

vent. Spontaneously they arose with a new sense of patriotism and almost shouted the refrain:

‘ ’Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; oh! long may it wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.’

Suiting the action to the words, a large American flag was suddenly swung across the stage: the immense audience was on tip-toe to see over each others shoulders: the building shook with the acclamations, while handkerchiefs and hats were waving everywhere.

The noise quickly subsided as Maud was seen preparing to sing another verse. Her thrilling notes were soon disturbed by a whirring sound, which ushered in another flag: Great Britain’s cross-bars were swung alongside our flag; then, on the other side, Japan’s ‘Rising Sun.’ In quick succession, the flags of other nations took their places, forming an arch across the stage, with the ‘Stars and Stripes’ as the keystone.

Even Maud’s charming notes now could not hold the assemblage. This picture of international brotherhood caused them to break out into vociferous shouts.

Maud stopped, and waited with a calm smile. She knew what was coming. Suddenly a flash of electric light illumined a hitherto unnoticed cross,

towering above the keystone flag. It glorified the ecumenical arch with a new lustre, while the vast audience almost went wild with religious fervor.

Peter the Hermit never faced a more enthusiastic multitude. "It is the Will of God" was written upon the face of this meeting as clearly as it was shouted by the first Crusaders.

Immediately the orchestra began to play a verse of the familiar old missionary hymn; Maud started to sing it and many voices joined her, while others were choked with joyful emotion:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

CHAPTER XI

THE FARMERS' RALLY

The news of the religious impulse imparted to the Socialist cause soon spread far and wide. Consequently when, on the following Saturday afternoon, a Farmers' Rally was held at the village of Locustville, men came from all directions for many miles around, and filled the spacious grove in which a small platform had been erected for the occasion.

Our candidate was in excellent form. He had not been accustomed to out-door speaking, but he soon convinced himself and his audience that his orotund tones could reach to the furthest man on the outskirts of the crowd. Moreover, there was the ring of truth in his every utterance. 'The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, urged him onward to his object,' and made all feel the thrill of listening to a prophet of true reform. He knew how the farmers suffer the manifold injustice of the competitive system, and how they have no possible redress. The only material compensation for their hard lot lies in the

enjoyment of the sweet and invigorating environments of Nature.

"Fellow-countrymen," began the Judge, "we are met together to discuss that much-mistaken political opinion called 'Socialism.'

"Many honest and thoughtful men among you still view it with suspicion. You loyally support the old parties, and vote as your fathers did; you cherish your family traditions, including, of course, political attachments. For this I admire you. No man should depart one hair-breadth from his parents' teaching unless he can give an excellent reason for so doing.

"But let me remind you that your fathers were reasonable men; if they were all present here to-day they would agree in the opinion that every plausible political doctrine should have a fair hearing; and especially so, if told that its adoption held the promise of immeasurable good. I can imagine every one of those hoary-head sires standing up and advising their sons, in the words of the inspired Apostle:

" 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' "

"Therefore, by studying Socialism, you are not guilty of one iota of disloyalty to the old family ties and traditions. Rather, you exhibit thereby the

spirit of independence which, under Providence, has built up our national greatness.

“‘Socialism.’ What does it mean? Simply ‘co-operation.’ Working together—instead of the present practice of working *against* each other. This competitive system under which society now groans, has outlived its usefulness. To our fathers it appeared to be the very ‘life of trade.’ It seemed to put every man on his mettle, and did comparatively little harm, before the invention of modern facilities; in those days society was more scattered and the means of travel were limited to such slow methods as stage-coaches and sail-boats; while steam power was in its infancy, and electricity was scarcely known. Then, the disadvantages of competition were not as keenly felt because men had more area for their endeavors. Now, on the contrary, improvements have so facilitated travel, manufacture and distribution, while the human family is multiplying so rapidly and crowding together, that men are jostling one another in the eager rush for money.

“You know very well how competition is crowding the smaller dealers to the wall. ‘Driven to the Wall’ is a fitting epitaph for the victims upon the successive steps of this up-hill fight, which culminates (significantly enough) at *Wall* Street. There

the half-crazed idolaters shout themselves hoarse in their worship of the Golden Calf. What a sad spectacle to angels and men is this climax of an age gone mad with competition!

“Could our fathers—especially those who fought in the Revolution—awake to see their children boldly sold into the power of the money-magnates, what would be their horror! Yet we look on with indifference, because we have become accustomed to this disgrace. Pope well describes our lethargy in his familiar lines:

‘Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.’

“Let us beware of such apathy, lest nine-tenths of our Nation be sold into slavery.

“To-day you, my farmer friends, are suffering financial stringency. Let us study your problems:

“You suffer, whenever the masses in the city suffer. You thrive when they thrive. This is easily comprehended in the fact that they are your most numerous customers. You are therefore vitally interested in the welfare of the laboring classes. You suffer low prices in proportion to the low prices paid for labor by men who are amassing fortunes.

“Another source of financial trouble for you is the fact that you cannot name the price of your own produce. The middle-men sell it quickly for what they can get, returning to you the proceeds minus their substantial commission. You sometimes doubt their honesty, but have no redress.

“On the other hand, when you make a purchase in the city, you cannot name the price. That is the seller's prerogative.

“So you farmers are the victims of this poor rule: The buyer sets the price of the farmer's produce; the seller sets the price of the farmer's purchases. You are comparatively helpless. You are practically at the mercy of both dealers, ground between two millstones.

“What is your remedy? You have often discussed it, haven't you? A Farmers' Union?

“That would help considerably, if it were practicable, but you know too well the force of the common saying: ‘Everything can combine but the farmers.’ You are too scattered. And yet what a power you could wield if united. The world depends absolutely upon you. Without you it would starve. We can easily dispense with Wall Street; less easily with modern improvements; but never can we live a week without you. We depend upon you for breakfast, dinner and supper. You are

simply indispensable. Why then are you not the mightiest power in the Nation? Because, my friends, you are not united in action. You are as lacking in cohesion as a rope of sand. You need a strong force to band you together. You have tried everything imaginable. The old parties have failed you. Now I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that your one remedy is Socialism. How can that help you? Listen!

“The Government, under Socialism, would take all your farms and in return guarantee you and your family a comfortable living. You would be employed by the Government at work not to exceed eight hours per day, and on your former property if you so desired. The most improved implements and tools would be furnished you by the Nation, with the best of seed to sow, and good horses or motor machines for the work. On your part you would, of course, be expected to do your best, working with the zeal of a patriot and the zest of a poet. That harrowing care, which has furrowed so many faces before me, would be forever lifted, to rest upon the broad shoulders of ‘Uncle Sam,’ where it belongs. No more fretting over unseasonable weather, merciless mortgages, children’s poor facilities for schooling, or wife’s heavy burdens. The best of schools would be at your disposal; for

Socialism, unlike the present system, knows no favoritism.

“Your barns would be of a quality and size to be justly proud of. Irrigation, fertilization and every desirable improvement would be given the land, as the most approved treatment would be meted out to our whole 3,000,000 square miles of soil.

“Now, gentlemen,” continued the Judge, “I have pictured the country under Socialism, when money will be dethroned, and merit alone will hold sway, harnessing all the resources of the country for the common good.

“If any one would like to ask questions, I shall be happy to resolve this meeting into an informal discussion.”

“I would like to ask,” spoke up a bright young man in high boots, “whether you suppose a farmer who has worked a lifetime, as my father has, on paying for and improving his farm, would be willing to surrender his all for a Government promise of support?”

“Not immediately. That willingness is the product of education,” answered the Judge. “Socialism is coming gradually, and people will gradually learn its advantages. Already we see the need of Government supervision at least over banks, insurance

companies, railroads and certain other large corporations. Supervision will be followed by purchase or confiscation, according to the merits or demerits of each case. With each new step, a new impulse will be given to the sentiment for Public Ownership until most people will recognize it as a godsend. Then they will as cheerfully surrender their property as did the first Christians.

“Public Ownership means a double boon to the public: first, in better service; second, in turning all profits into the Public Treasury instead of the pockets of selfish and grasping corporations.

“Take our Post Office Department, for example. Who would wish it owned by a Trust? What do you suppose you would have to pay for a stamp, if capitalists owned the postal facilities? Could you then send a letter (with almost perfect confidence in its safe delivery) from here to California or the Philippine Islands for only two cents?”

“No, no,” cried a number of voices, while a general murmur of approval swept through the crowd.

“As the Post Office then, in its best features, is an example of applied Socialism—and every one is proud of it—shall we not take a pride in further Government Ownership, and at the proper time be

ready to entrust even a whole lifetime's earnings to an ideal Government?"

"Now look a-here, Judge Marshall," said a white-haired old farmer with twinkling eyes, "do you suppose that I—a life-long Democrat—would surrender my home and living to a Republican administration?"

At this there was a general laugh, in which the Judge joined heartily, and replied:

"No, sir! Most emphatically no! We would advise you never to do so. When Socialism wins, however, the Republican party will be as dead as its predecessors: the old 'Whigs' and the 'Know-Nothings.' We will then have a real 'Democratic Republic'—which means literally a Government by the people, shared by all alike as a 'Public Thing.' The Latin *Res Publica* implies this, and excludes all idea of private exploitation. Now we have neither a true 'Democracy' nor a true 'Republic.' The old parties stand for practically little more than empty names."

"Judge, I drank in Democracy with my mother's milk and ain't weaned yet," was the merry rejoinder, which evoked another round of good-humored applause.

The Judge, laughingly, replied: "You should have been rewarded with a Cabinet position long ago, my

good friend;" and the laugh was renewed as the old gentleman chuckled his assent.

"Well, now we are ready for more quizzing," urged the Judge.

After a little pause a modest looking man in the rear stepped nearer and asked: "Will you kindly tell me where the Government (rich as it is) is to get enough money to buy up all these thousands of farms throughout the country?"

"I am glad to discuss that very practical question.

"You admit that our Government is rich. It expends for its Army and Navy lumps of \$100,000,000 at a time. The sum of more than a billion dollars was spent altogether for the freeing of Cuba and the suppression of the Philippines. If we can do so much for war, cannot we do as much for peaceful enterprises? Suppose we paid such amounts for purchasing first the railroads, the citizens would not feel the tax very much, if at all; while the profits accruing would continually flow into the Public Treasury, enabling the Government to purchase more and more until there would be nothing left in private hands. This process will be made sufficiently gradual to enable the financial world to die easily.

"Do not suppose either, that all railroads are worth what they claim. The 'water' will be care-

fully drained out, and Uncle Sam will pay only for solid stock. (Laughter.)

“Making money as fast as it invests, the Government’s purchasing power will be practically limitless. ‘Millions for defence (of the people’s rights) but not a cent for tribute (to capitalism)’ is our latest battle-cry.

“Therefore, we must educate our citizens to the fact that money has really no intrinsic value. It is only the recognized certificate for ‘value received’—the representative of the products of brain and brawn. Yet even in this representative capacity it bears a false and deceptive character: false, in the fact that it is often the product of war, rapine and plunder; deceptive, for at one fell blow (as we read in to-day’s paper) a million dollars can be ruthlessly carried off by a defaulting bank cashier, causing death, suicide and general distress among the unfortunate depositors. As an inheritance, then, from the past, it is not above suspicion; as a promise for the future it is frequently as evanescent as a beautiful dream.

“Mr. Bellamy has well said in this connection: ‘The only coinage worth anything is that which is stamped in the image of God.’ ”

“You have given me material for much deep thought and study,” answered the man, gratefully.

"Now," continued the Judge, "while you may be thinking out more problems, let me tell you how the Government can economize for the public good." Here he gave figures from the last United States Census, showing what a vast army of men, in the aggregate, is busied in non-productive employment: Middlemen of all kinds, advertising and insurance agents, commercial travellers, bankers and brokers, employees in the United States Treasury and Mints, and all persons occupied simply in handling money. "We can dispense," he said, "with nine-tenths of our lawyers, whose chief business now is the settlement of disputes over private property. All the unemployed—extreme rich and extreme paupers—will be compelled to work or starve, on the Biblical principle that, 'he who will not work shall not eat.'

"Think what an enormous gain will be realized, when this vast aggregation of men is put to productive employment!"

"Will the lawyers have to wield my hammer?" laughed the stalwart village blacksmith.

"Hardly," said the Judge. "Work will be apportioned according to men's ability and inclination. If that inclination impels too many to seek one particular occupation, according to Mr. Bellamy (in his remarkable book, 'Looking Backward') a handi-

cap can be placed upon the more popular occupations, and a premium upon the less popular, by the increase and decrease, respectively, of the hours of labor."

"Judge," spoke up a near bystander, "I see that Mr. Bryan says, 'We cannot do without the spur of competition.' What say you?"

"Exactly the same," answered the Judge. "But while Mr. Bryan is voicing the sentiments of a money-ridden age, which cannot think without dollars and cents, we Socialists raise the plane of competition. We make the basis not money but merit; and the goal not self, but humanity and country. Under Socialism, will not every man strive for advancement to positions of greater responsibility? Will he not be fired by both a personal and a patriotic ambition? To serve one's country, even at the sacrifice of self, is a greater and keener spur than that of self-service. The appeal to the heroic in man always produces the best results. This sentiment was uttered by Mr. Bonaparte, when Secretary of the Navy, at a recent graduation in the Naval Academy. I will read his words from this newspaper clipping, and you will see what a lofty ideal he holds before the midshipmen:

“‘Men who serve their country in arms, work not for their good, but for hers, not that they or those dear to them be the better for their toil, but that she be safe and peaceful and honored. And as they toil to other ends, so they think and speak of other things ; they have little thought of their rights, but great thought of their duties ; they are not concerned lest they give more or get less than their just due ; what they shall get is left to their country's laws ; what they shall give, be it of labor or suffering or life itself, rests and rests only in her need. Your profession is a school, a lifelong school of self-sacrifice and obedience, and never has the teaching of such a school been more timely to our country's happiness and honor than it is to-day.’

“While Mr. Bonaparte would inculcate this spirit in the United States Navy, Socialism esteems every American citizen worthy of its possession. It can be realized. We do not claim the ability to ‘legislate men into the Kingdom of Heaven,’ but we do claim this : that with universal education, vastly improved environment and systematic brotherhood, the whole race will be uplifted and pointed to the highest ethical heights.

CHAPTER XII

THE CONVERTED BISHOP

Despite the vast amount of work which the campaign laid upon the male members of the Bellamy Clubs, it was resolved to hold the regular meetings of the clubs uninterruptedly.

When the men couldn't possibly attend, the ladies had the meetings to themselves, and naturally discussed those features of Socialism which appealed more strongly to their sex, such as Household Economies, the Educational and Moral Training of the Young, Romances without Money, Church Charities with love (not lucre) as the gift to the sick and sorrowing.

One evening promised to be of unusual interest.

"We are to have Bishop Graham with us to-night," was Maud's delighted greeting to her guests. "He is, of course, very busy and heretofore has been compelled to decline our urgent invitations, but this evening he has definitely promised to attend."

"What are his views of Bellamy?" asked several ladies in chorus.

"Oh!" returned Maud, "not very flattering. Like so many busy men who keep out of politics, he regards Socialism as a visionary scheme."

"Here he comes now, girls," whispered a young woman looking out of the window. At this announcement, all prepared to meet him with that cordiality which is ever the reward of a faithful pastor.

"Good evening, Bishop," was the general greeting, as the good man stepped in and extended his hands right and left. "Welcome to our Bellamy Club at last."

"Yes," he responded, "at last I have succeeded in getting here. I want to learn more of this new doctrine from those who are earnestly studying it."

"Good, Bishop," assented the Judge, just coming in. "I have succeeded in getting off for a few minutes from a mass-meeting in order to welcome you."

After a few exchanges of pleasantries the Judge continued: "And now, Bishop, to start our meeting. You will not be surprised to know that we have adopted the rule of opening our discussions with prayer. We are learning more and more to emphasize the religious aspect of Socialism. Will you kindly offer prayer?"

The bishop promptly knelt, and in his clear, resonant voice prayed for Divine guidance for all: for our Rulers in Church and State; for all in authority of any kind. Then turning his thoughts to all sorts and conditions of men, he devoutly prayed for rich and poor, high and low, that all might know the abundant joy of service to God and to their fellow-men.

A deep impression was made upon all; and especially upon the bishop himself, for he had come (as he afterwards admitted) in a playful mood, "just for sociability and relaxation." That prayer, however, had inspired all with an earnest and business-like spirit, which presaged good results.

The Judge read, as was his custom, a short passage of Scripture. He chose Isaiah, the eleventh chapter, first to tenth verse, inclusive.

Then he asked, rhetorically, why this Messianic age has not yet been realized? After nineteen centuries of Christianity we still have discord and strife. "Where is the promise of the regeneration of the race, when the quondam victims of rapacity and greed will no longer fear, but all will associate in a peaceful brotherhood? Bishop, will you kindly tell us, as church members, what the Church should do further, to hasten Christ's kingdom among men?"

"Judge Marshall and friends," responded the bishop, "I had not expected a discussion in which I was to be a principal! I came to listen, and to learn more about this new political creed.

"But I must answer your direct question; it is a most vital and practical one.

"To hasten Christ's kingdom is the great mission of His Church: the means thereto is the preaching and practicing of righteousness. When that is done fearlessly and constantly by the Church, the world will be attracted, for they shall 'see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

"Yet, we must sadly admit, many are guilty of sins of omission. The Church does not always do her full duty; there are too many nominal Christians. It behooves us, therefore, each to be a missionary in his own circle and to let our light shine."

"But then, Bishop," asked the Judge, "cannot the Church take formal action in demanding justice for the oppressed? When, for example, workingmen ask for one day's rest in every seven, should not the Church—which proclaims the Fourth Commandment every Sunday—openly insist that the laborer have it? Should she not fearlessly brand all who oppose this just request, as law-breakers? Should she not stoutly refuse to hold stock or securities in any enterprises, railroads or others, which ignore the Sabbath

principle? I mean not necessarily Sunday observance, but the principle of a seventh of each week as a periodical rest-day for every toiler.

“Again, when laboring men peacefully ask a raise in wages, commensurate with the increased cost of living or the increased profits of the corporation, should not the Church urge their reasonable appeal?”

“My dear Judge,” answered the bishop fervently, “you know the Church sympathizes most heartily with the poor, and denounces oppression. But she cannot meddle in politics or commerce. Our ministers are not all graduates in political economy, and therefore cannot safely instruct lawyers and merchants in the details of their business. We must preach righteousness, and trust to the Christian statesmanship of our people to apply it.”

“And yet, my dear Bishop, when professing Christians hear their duty in church, and go back to their business to belie their Church’s instructions, shouldn’t the Church call them to account? Or, is the impression to go forth that the Commandments of God are published only in a ‘Pickwickian sense’?”

“My dear Judge, it is our constant practice to denounce inconsistency and hypocrisy. But we refuse to plunge the Church into quarrels between capital and labor, as Christ refused the request to ‘divide an inheritance.’”

"Yet, Bishop," urged the Judge, "was not our Lord's refusal, to arbitrate that question of property, due to the covetous spirit of the man? He tried to enlist Christ's popularity on his side for selfish ends, and our Lord, who always addressed the inner man, emphasized the man's need of a better spirit. Moreover, Bishop, does not Christ teach His Church, pointedly, to see that justice is done, when He sharply rebukes the self-righteous Pharisees for 'devouring widows' houses'?"

"We do rebuke such sins," replied the bishop, "when they become so notorious as to justify a public rebuke. But the vast majority of our people are making an honest living, some as leaders, others as employees, according to their deserts. Shall we disturb their devotional spirit on Sundays, by publicly scoring some particular reprobate?"

"My dear Bishop," answered the Judge, "you imagine that the congregations are generally composed of men who deal justly with their fellows in business. I wish it were so. But experience has taught me that it is far otherwise. Pardon me then, if I destroy your pleasant illusion. I can cite several cases which have come under my observation, to show that the exigencies of the competitive system are driving men into practices which their

own consciences disapprove, and which they would blush to acknowledge before you.

“The first representative instance which comes to mind is that of a highly respected churchman who owns a large cotton mill. He is a man for whom I entertain most pleasant feelings, and whom I regard as the unwilling victim of the present business methods. Competition compels him to get the best work for the least money, because his competitors do so.

“He works his hands on very low wages for ten full hours per day. Among the hundreds of operatives there are quite a number of small children as young as the law will permit. He resents attempts to improve Child-Labor laws. Moreover, he is repeatedly accused of failing to fulfill promises which his agents make when they persuade families to break up their farm-homes and come to work at his plant. Owing to this disaffection, families are constantly deserting him, and he is put to the necessity of frequently sending his agents to drum up more new hands.

“Sometimes these agents even go to other mill-towns to entice the employees away (and the discourtesy is reciprocated). Allowing for a certain percentage of human grumbling, the fact remains that the complaint is so general as to awaken strong

suspicion. And this suspicion is confirmed beyond doubt by the candid testimony of the very manager of the mill—a man who has been employed by this plant practically his whole life-time. The testimony was evoked in this way: the pastor of the local church approached the manager in his office and urged him to come forward and profess Christ publicly by confirmation. With a look and gesture of great surprise, he wheeled around in his chair to face the minister squarely, and exclaimed: ‘You want *me* to be confirmed? Impossible! Do you suppose I could treat these people as I am compelled to do, and at the same time profess Christianity? No, Mr.—, you can’t run a cotton-mill and be a Christian.’

“He then seemed to fear he had admitted too much, for he asked the minister not to repeat his words. (Out of consideration for him, the minister always, while in that town, kept the conversation confidentially.)

“Another case: A communicant of my acquaintance runs a large steam laundry. In order to out-general a certain competitor, he is systematically cutting prices in some of his branch offices (which, by the way, do business under different names) while he maintains the usual prices in branches where he can safely do so. Yet all the laundry work

is done at one plant, and receives precisely the same attention. He is thus charging some of his unsuspecting patrons 33 1-3 per cent. more than others. Can such deception and partiality be justified in a Christian?

"Again, consider the extortionate charges of some of my own profession, who call themselves Christians. They pretend to see no harm in charging a poor man or a widow a large per cent. commission for a small service on the plea that it is the practice of the profession. Policy, not Christ's teaching, is the practice of these men."

"I do not know so much about the lawyers," answered the bishop; "in fact I do know some of that profession who quietly do much charity. But I am grieved to hear what you relate about the cotton-mills and the laundries. I confess that if competition drives Christian men to such questionable practices the Church must do something to arrest this moral decay. Shall the Church start a vigorous crusade for commercial righteousness?"

This concluding question the bishop addressed rather to himself, and the anxious expression upon his classic face revealed the agitation of his soul.

"I will take your advice, Judge," he concluded, "and read Bellamy, to see how he would solve this

problem. Permit me to say 'Good Night' with the promise to study 'Looking Backward.'"

A week later, the bishop attended again. True to his promise, he had read Bellamy with searching scrutiny, and now declared his astonishment and delight.

"If this change could possibly be effected as peaceably as Bellamy depicts it, I would pray earnestly that it might come to-morrow. But while admiring, I still doubt the practicability of this revolution (or 'evolution' as he calls it) and believe in giving the competitive system a little more time to reform, and to vindicate its right to continue."

"Bishop," replied the Judge eagerly, "I would cordially second any effort to improve our present system, but it is useless. The system is hopelessly vicious. It would take a race of angels to operate it without injustice. From the richest to the poorest, dishonesty, suspicion and injustice percolate through every stratum of society, until we can scarcely trust one dollar out of our sight. Where can we check this evil tendency of the age?"

"I confess my inability to give you a completely satisfactory answer," replied the bishop. "Whatever we might attempt, I fear, would be like all efforts in the past—only new patchwork on the old garment. Such partial reform is denounced by

Christ when He commands us to 'make all things new.' By His help we must try a thorough reformation.

"Yet, before professing a complete conversion to Socialism, I will propound one or two more questions, and ask your indulgence of a conservative old bishop.

"First: Would not Socialism destroy individual ambition and initiative?

"And secondly: Would not the man of culture and refinement be hampered in his desires by having an allowance from the Government no greater than that of the less-cultured citizen?"

"As to the first question, Bishop," replied the Judge, "don't you think ambition should rest upon a more solid and enduring foundation than money? Ambition to serve one's country will be greatly stimulated by the co-operative system, and men will be able to rise into positions of ever-increasing responsibility, commensurate with their deserts. Surely, the desire for glory in a true soldier is an incentive a thousandfold stronger than his \$13 a month. How much more will patriotism burn in the breast of the 'industrial' soldier who works for humanity and not for the destruction of his fellow-man! Has money been the real stimulus back of the world's greatest inventions? No; the truth of the matter is this:

that the majority of inventions and discoveries have been the work of men who had no fortune but brains, and no ambition but human progress. When the invention becomes marketable, capital springs forward as a beast of prey and exploits the product of the genius.

"Money is so ingrained into our notions of success, my dear Bishop, that it is hard even for a bishop, to think without it." The bishop smiled, thoughtfully.

"The second question is a most interesting one. It is urged as one of the strongest objections to Socialism. We had it treated, a few weeks ago, in a clear and forceful manner by Dr. Phillips. It is simply this: The Government will educate all its citizens; all will eventually be cultured. A generation of compulsory education will necessarily produce such a result. Hence we shall have refined associates all about us. Moreover, the compensation granted to every citizen will be ample for the gratification of every reasonable desire. True, the lover of art will not always be able to purchase masterpieces of painting and sculpture, as millionaires can do now; but the Nation will be the purchaser and custodian of such, and placing them in the public art galleries, will give everybody the opportunity of

enjoying them. Here again, Socialism triumphs over selfishness."

"I frankly confess," replied the bishop in a tone of humble resignation, "that all my objections are silenced. I have been lifted up to a heavenly vision. Why, Judge Marshall! if we could realize this happy ideal, we would soon expect the Millennium."

"Why not say, it would be the Millennium itself?" urged the Judge.

"Perhaps so; but that is not the usual way of viewing the Millennium. We have never regarded it as the product of a political movement."

"Probably not, Bishop, but Christ has decreed that His kingdom shall come through the work of His followers. Can we not, then, *must* we not, work together for the realization of the Millennium? It is the climax of the Gospel on earth."

"Thank you, my dear Judge, for these new and inspiring thoughts," and the bishop pressed the Judge's hand with more than usual warmth, as he bade 'Good Night.'

CHAPTER XIII

AN APOSTOLIC SERMON

Since the meeting recorded in the last chapter, three weeks had elapsed, when an announcement that the bishop would preach a special sermon upon the subject of Socialism, attracted wide-spread attention.

The fact that the sermon was to be delivered at Grace Church—the richest and most fashionable in the city—added no little to the zest of expectancy.

The bishop, on his part, felt his solemn responsibility as heavily as upon the day of his consecration. Prayerfully, thoughtfully, deliberately, he had weighed both sides of the subject. He had interviewed business men of every calling, individually and in groups, seeking their opinions and counsel. He left no stone unturned in seeking the whole truth.

When the day arrived, Grace Church was thronged by an eager and expectant congregation. The profusion of flowers in the chancel, the exquisite music, and the overflowing attendance, all combined to suggest the Eastertide; while the beautiful

October weather contributed no little to the fanciful illusion.

As the bishop ascended the pulpit steps, every eye was fixed upon him, every ear was most attentive. In his clear, strong tones he announced his text: St. Matthew 19th chapter, 16th to 24th verse—a passage calculated to awaken various emotions in so large and promiscuous a gathering.

After describing the incident, the preacher spake in warm commendation of that spiritual condition which hungers with a keen appetite after righteousness.

“This young man at first seemed to be in that healthy state of the soul. His correct earthly life, his apparent desire for eternal life, set him amongst the chief religionists of his day. Yet there is one suspicious element lurking sometimes even in so noble an ambition—like the Pharisee’s, the desire for righteousness may be prompted by the wish to hold one’s head above his neighbors’. And the sequel proves alas! that this man’s desire was not altogether lacking in self-seeking and esteem.

“As far as personal conduct was concerned, he was accounted blameless among men. But when Jesus put His finger upon the man’s real weakness, he was touched to the quick. In one moment, Christ demanded the sacrifice of a fortune. The test was

staggering, overwhelming: 'Sell all that thou hast—give to the poor.'

"Had the rich young man been a true son of faithful Abraham, his faith would have proceeded to obey as promptly as did Abraham when commanded to sacrifice his chief treasure—Isaac. But this young man could not stand the test. He departed, hugging his riches, turning his back upon Christ. And the Lord looked sorrowfully after him, as He always does when a soul rejects its Saviour. In this case it was 'Jesus or Money,' as on Good-Friday it was 'Barabbas or Jesus.' In both instances the best Friend was spurned.

"Notice our Saviour's sad reflection as He watched the retreating figure. 'How hardly shall those who trust in riches enter into the Kingdom of God.' It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Beloved," continued the bishop, in a quiet, conversational tone, "I am speaking to a wealthy congregation. Is it possible that *you* are having a difficult time to enter heaven? On the one side it must indeed be a comfort to know that some rich persons have been acknowledged as God's saints: Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, Zaccheus, Mary of Bethany and other possessors of wealth are doubtless in

Paradise. Riches are not identical with sin, else Abraham and other Old Testament worthies would be excluded. But the vital point for the wealthy to consider is this: Trust in riches so weakens faith, that trust in God is gradually destroyed. How many here, if Christ made this great demand, could surrender every dollar and follow the Carpenter-Messiah whithersoever He led? How many? I repeat. I fear there is a strong sympathy here for that rich young ruler.

“Some one will say: ‘Christ didn’t mean a literal interpretation of His words.’ I must reply as His messenger that He means every word which He utters. In His day men left business, family and home to be His followers and co-workers. If He had not intended this young ruler to sacrifice all, Christ would have stopped him at the point where his willingness was fully demonstrated, as was the case with Abraham on Mt. Moriah.

“And so it is always. God speaks directly to the heart of man. He demands our undivided love. ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.’ When that is given to Him, all is given. The soul is ready to say ‘All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee.’

"This demand is made of every man. The manner of its obedience depends upon circumstances. May I interpret it for this congregation to-day?

"In the first place I do not believe that God would have any of you go out at once, dispose of all your property and, like a monk, assume the vow of poverty. If you each and all did this, it would be necessary to close this beautiful church, shut down its many beneficent works, and cut off its liberal contributions to missions.

"What Christ requires is simply this: To acknowledge all wealth as His, and to dedicate what you hold to His blessed service. 'While we have time, let us do good to all men.' Our time here is short. As Brierly so well expresses the brief tenure of property (in his excellent book 'Studies of the Soul'): 'The millionaire may build palaces and command the markets. Where he is powerless is to hold a joy in his hand long enough to stamp it with the seal of possession. His acres are solid ground, but he who owns them is a shadow that fleeth.'

"How much better to dedicate all to God in the vigor of our health, than to give it up reluctantly into the relentless hand of death.

"To this joyful privilege of stewardship, I urge your attention. Recognize all in your hands as a trust from God; then, administer the same in the

spirit of the Divine Owner. What does the Lord require of His stewards, as the prophet Micah told the Jews, 'but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.'

"Justice and mercy! Do we all practice these?

"Some one will say in surprise, like the young ruler—'All these things have I done from my youth up.' But the dear man soon found that he was miserably self-deceived in supposing that he had been doing his full duty of love to God and man. We, too, suffer the same self-deception until the veil is lifted from our hearts. When Divine light penetrates within, behold how sinful and black is the human heart!

"Beloved, as your friend I must help you to know yourselves. I must try to be as searching in my examination as Christ would have me. Pardon me, therefore, if I give any hurt in this spiritual surgery. I am going to ask some pointed questions which may probe to the quick."

(There was a noticeable uneasiness manifested in many pews; while in others an eager leaning forward showed the intense interest aroused.)

"Do you treat your employees as you would wish to be treated if circumstances were reversed?

"Do you increase their wages to a degree commensurate with the increase in your profits, or with

the increase in their efficiency? Do you remember that the cost of living has very materially advanced, and consequently their families are pinched unless their salary rises?

“Again: How many hours do you work your employees—eight, twelve, fourteen? Some are now setting a good example by returning to the old ideal:

‘Eight hours for work,
Eight hours for sleep,
Eight hours for recreation.’

“That division of the day is wise and humane; I cordially recommend it for your own personal practice, and for your practice toward your clerks. No employer can successfully contend that it is impracticable. The eight-hour day would insure bright, wide-awake service, which would fully compensate you for the loss of the additional hours.

“I am not speaking at random, my friends. I know cases of rich Christians keeping their salesmen employed from 7 A. M. until 8 P. M. Is that right, while you are in your counting-room from 9 to 5 only? ‘Oh, but I’m the employer.’ Then you consider that your money justifies you in imposing a double day upon your hard-worked salesmen. Is that the ‘Golden Rule’?”

(Several gentlemen in front pews moved restlessly.)

“Other professing Christians either directly, or through corporations in which they hold stock, employ men for seven days or nights each week. These employees are deprived of the merciful provision demanded by the Fourth Commandment for both man and beast. I refer to railroad employees of almost all classes; watchmen and firemen in large plants, who toil on day-shift or night-shift almost incessantly. Even the policemen come under this category: in some cities they receive only 10 days rest each year; in others, more; but perhaps none get over 30—whereas God’s Law requires 52 days of rest for them.

“Can’t your millions, dear brethren, find a way to relieve these honest men? Why is money so powerful to add to its own bulk, and yet so impotent to effect simple justice?”

At this juncture a gentleman with diamond-weighted fingers started to leave the church, amidst a breathless silence. As he stalked down the aisle, his face flushing with anger, he was joined by another, while several showed a disposition to do likewise, but were restrained by an uncontrollable curiosity to hear more.

"Recently," continued the bishop, without apparently noticing the interruption, "I was given some illustrations of the violation of the law of right and justice by professing Christians. Not that they willed to do so, but were driven by the pressure of competition.

"What are the fruits of this exacting system? There is widespread discontent among clerks and laborers, while the odium of the injustice attaches to the church whose members are the alleged offenders.

"And even little children are not exempt from our civilized cruelty: the last census shows that 1,750,000 children in this country, between ten and fifteen years of age, are employed in mills, factories, mines and sweat-shops. From reliable sources we learn also that 3,000,000 public school children go under-fed to their tasks, suffering in consequence both physically and mentally.

"Another appalling fact, of which we should find the cause, is revealed by a recent report of the United States Census Bureau, that *insanity* is largely on the increase. Are such facts compatible with our boast of great national prosperity? Can we point with pride to our many charitable institutions while we fall far short of bare justice to so many of the innocent and the deserving?

“But you reply to the charge of injustice in the commercial world—‘How can we do otherwise than the general run of business men? We must compete on equal terms.’ Ah! there you have put your finger upon the vital spot: it is *competition* which is driving you to repeated injustice. The widespread suffering of the world is due to the evil inherent in the present system. It is practically run upon the base motto: ‘Every man for himself.’ The modern commercial shibboleth is ‘*Might is Right.*’

“Can we ever reform such a vicious system? I see no possible way. It is contrary to the law of our Maker, who has based life upon co-operation, death upon division. We must therefore raise the world to the highest plane—systematic brotherhood. Co-operation must necessarily be substituted for competition, if we would preserve society. This is a religious necessity. I find no better way for the church to fulfill her mission.

“But now I must confess that the Church herself is not above reproach. In this matter, ‘judgment must begin at the House of God.’ Allow me to tell you some of the Church’s sins, which we must try to correct at once:

“1. Our diocese holds securities of railroads and other corporations, which are guilty of working multitudes of men for seven days in the week. We

must resolutely demand a change by action at the next convention, and thereby encourage Christian directors and stockholders to do the same.

“2. We are now condoning a system of commerce which is most prolific in opportunities for injustice. To correct this and to vindicate our righteous mission to the world, we must advocate a system which will minimize the opportunities of sin.

“3. We do not protest, as we should, against the flagrant corruption in politics. We cling to our partisan prejudice and complacently pronounce politics incorrigible. We resent the Church's interference. And yet, I earnestly submit, we know that where righteousness is violated, Christ is crucified afresh. Therefore, it is our bounden duty to carry His cause into politics—yea, we must preach Christ in political matters. We must boldly declare from our pulpits that no State is safe without Jesus Christ supreme in its legislative, executive and judiciary departments. Surely, our mission is to save society as well as the individual soul.

“4. The Church must preach Salvation to the sinful rich. We must boldly diagnose their soul's condition and firmly apply the remedy. The Parable of the Rich Man (Dives) and Lazarus must not be neglected. We sometimes fear to offend the pew-

holders. Let us learn henceforth to follow Christ in brave speech and to be 'no respecter of persons.'

"As your bishop, and God's servant, I shall endeavor to lead you aright, and beginning at His sanctuary, attempt this much needed reform.

"I have urged the adoption of the 'Co-operative Commonwealth,' known in politics as Socialism. This is no precipitate action of an enthusiast. It is the deliberate advice of one whom after fifteen years of episcopal service I humbly believe you can trust. After consultation with men of affairs in both commercial and professional life; after prayerful study of every possible phase of the question, I am prepared to declare publicly my advocacy of Christian Socialism.

"At first I held strong views against it. I was fortified in my opposition by such questions as these: 'Can this change be effected without widespread injustice to property owners? Shall this time-honored system of competition be set aside, whereby many honest men have amassed and nobly used money as a trust from God? Shall they surrender this trusteeship to the civil authorities? Shall the incentive to individual effort be removed, and all men be plunged into one homogeneous mass? It seemed too destructive of personality; too inconsistent with all our traditions of right and reason;

too incompatible with the accepted teachings of Bible and of human history. Thus I was inclined to look upon the whole theory of Socialism as a beautiful but senseless Utopian dream.

“While in this frame of mind, my attention was called to the fact—and a most important one it is—that I, like most men, was magnifying *money* out of all proportion. We are so haunted by financial considerations in everything (not excepting church matters) that we can scarcely think or plan without it. We have been educated to believe it indispensable.

“Now, I see otherwise. As ‘filthy lucre’ will have no room in heaven, it can easily be dispensed with on an earth that is seeking heavenly conditions.

“Oh, how I long for the privilege of preaching to a moneyless generation (your smile is not unpardonable), to preach on the Parable of the Talents, when all our attention can be centred upon personal endowments—those faculties of body, mind and soul which are capable of promoting the graces of faith, hope and love to an eminent degree without the taint of money.

“Let us now try to imagine, if we can, a co-operative system in which there is no money; when every citizen will be fully educated by, and work for, the Government; and will receive compensation in

the shape of purchasing coupons, with the added stimulus of prospective promotion to more honorable position dependent upon meritorious service.

"What will be the effect upon character? The opponent says it will be harmful on these points:

"1. It will destroy individual ambition.

"2. God-given trusteeship will be relinquished.

"3. It will cut off all channels of charity.

"4. Wealth accumulated by hard toil will be ruthlessly confiscated, to the injury of our sense of justice.

"By careful study I have found all these specious objections melt away:

"1. Individual ambition will not be destroyed but *uplifted*. The incentive will be no longer money, but merit. The goal will not be self, but service to country and humanity. A brotherhood competing for honors will raise the ethical standard a hundred-fold. With new environments and new motives the race will be lifted up to the Mount of Transfiguration.

"2. Trusteeship is not relinquished. To declare it is, reveals the money-ridden debasement of the intellect. Only financial responsibility is shifted to the Government's care. All personal endowments are retained and are given free scope for exercise. Think how cheerfully and enthusiastically we can

work when no burden of financial anxiety is weighing us down! Then project that feeling of freedom throughout your life, and you will see how joyfully you could expand and improve your talents.

“3. But wherein could we exercise charity? Ah! money talks again; of what sordid suggestions it is guilty! St. Paul repudiates this definition when he says: ‘If I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, I am nothing.’ So charity and money-giving are widely different terms. You may give thousands of dollars in a lump and yet have scarcely one grain of charity in your heart. How many give their hearts with their dollars? How many rich men go to hospitals, almshouses, and prisons to talk or to pray with the unfortunates? That is true charity: it will be seen in all its true glory, when money cannot eclipse it.

“Do not misunderstand me. The comparatively large checks sent to the bishop and other church officers are most acceptable. But I would do the donors a great injustice if I did not remind them occasionally that they must not imagine the signing of a check to be the whole of charity. Checks are valued in God’s sight not so much at their commercial value as by the motive and spirit behind them. Are you willing, my dear brethren, to do all your charitable work by proxy? Suppose Christ

were in need (as He is in the person of the least of His brethren) would you be contented to send a deputy to visit Him? Then learn, as He teaches, to interpret charity in the language of personal service.

“4. But is it just and right for the Government to appropriate private property? This is a far-reaching question. Some argue that wealth has been dishonestly acquired or cruelly seized, or won without merit, and therefore should be more equitably distributed. But I waive all these considerations for one, and that is the burden of my message. Are you not willing to surrender your all, if need be, in a general movement to substitute a just system for one grossly unjust? ‘Would not Christ have you thus exercise your stewardship for Him?’ This is my interpretation of Christ’s demand upon twentieth century rich men: ‘Go, sell all and give.’ To have an ideal Government in which honesty, industry and brotherhood are promoted, is worth the sacrifice of all the wealth of a Cræsus. And in return you have a comfortable living with no financial anxiety.

“This is a summary statement of the change proposed. But for those who are not prepared to sacrifice their property to this great end, we have to say this: that the plan involves the purchase of all property by due financial compensation as long as money possesses any recognized value. The right to

compel the sale of private property, is established politically if we admit Thomas Jefferson's principle of American freedom: 'The largest liberty to the individual, consistent with the public good.'

"That 'public good' will be furthered not only by the vast saving of time, labor, material and *conscience* under the new regime; but also, many problems which have long vexed both Church and State will find a ready solution. Look at them:

'THE LIQUOR QUESTION'

"What is the strength of the liquor business? Appetite? Yes, to some extent. But back of that is money. Saloons are multiplied because men can get an easy living thereby or even amass fortunes. Remove money and you sap the life out of this business. Put it in Government possession and adulterated 'fire-water' will be abolished. Under the refining influence of Socialism, with education and intelligent service for every man, the twin vices—drunkenness and gluttony—will both be reduced to an almost negligible quantity.

'DIVORCE'

"Here is another giant evil. What demoralization, what havoc has it wrought in families! The

root of this sin is largely the love of money. Take away the attractions of fortune and true love will have more opportunity. A large proportion of loveless marriages will be relegated to the rubbish heap of an obsolete system. More marriages will then be 'made in heaven.'

'LABOR TROUBLES'

"Strikes, child labor, servant problems, Sabbath violation and other abuses will become past history, to be read by future generations as we read of the cruel wars of antiquity. I will not detain you by tracing the purifying effect of applied Christian Socialism upon all these problems. But I believe that as the warm spring sunshine melts the down-trodden snow and loosens the frozen dirt to wash it away, so Socialism is destined by its heaven-sent rays to soften and purify all the earth-stained gifts of God.

"Oh, brethren, what a joy it will be to live in such an age! No more corruption by money! No more graft, grand larceny or petty theft! No more mercenary legislatures and time-serving politicians! Piteous appeals for widows and orphans thrown upon the cold charity of the world; drunken fathers and starving families; money matters thrust obstru-

sively upon funeral occasions by insurance agents and undertakers; wills to excite envy and estrange families—all these heart-breaking evils will vanish as a frightful nightmare.

“‘Yes,’ I imagine some are saying ‘the bishop is dreaming of the Millennium.’

“No, beloved, I am not *dreaming*: I am looking at a vision with my eyes wide open. There is no good reason why all should not see what I see. If it be the Millennium which I am beholding, why not? It is the Christian’s goal on earth. ‘They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.’ The time is ripe for that fulfillment. Evil is black indeed, but the world is capable of salvation. We who are risen with Christ—we ‘children of the Resurrection’ must assert the power of His rising. We must lift the whole world up to Him.

“There is so much in this church to-day to inspire Easter thoughts and the ‘Power of His Resurrection.’ Those beautiful fragrant flowers speak of their rising from cold earth to all the color and sweetness of sunshine. The charming music seemed to blend with that of the angels and archangels and all the company of heaven. This splendid October weather reminds us how good and glorious is God. Why cannot we, His children, respond to our Heavenly Father’s blessing? Why do we not work

for the Millennium? I once thought that Christ would first descend visibly to inaugurate the Millennium. I now believe that He means to effect it, before His visible coming, through the efforts of His people co-operating with Him. This is the genius of the Gospel.

“And now, in conclusion, dear brethren, I urge you all to study the question of Christian Socialism. Read such books as Mr. Bellamy’s ‘Looking Backward’—a clear and forceful treatise on the subject. This brilliant writer exposes our present follies and shows that competition is certainly not ‘the life of trade’; rather it is positively the death of character, for its least sin is envy.

“To my mind, after most serious study, Socialism appeals as the panacea for all social ills. With evils minimized and strong motives for altruism inculcated, it would act like the Mosaic law ‘as a school-master to bring men to Christ’; personal responsibility to the State would awaken a sense of responsibility to our Lord; and no one would be exempt from strict accountability.

“Yet, grand as it seems to every new convert, Socialism must expect strong opposition. Every reformation has its violent disputes, its heart-burnings, its martyrs. You will be applauded at times for expressing lofty sentiments. Then if you

insist upon applying them, you will be sharply opposed. But brave perseverance will win the day in God's good time. Remember, every good movement has a Palm-Sunday of popular applause; then its Good-Friday of persecution; but finally the glorious Easter victory.

“May God hasten that Eastertide upon earth, when Divine sonship and human brotherhood will be clearly understood and universally practiced.”

CHAPTER XIV

ITS EFFECT

The impression produced by the bishop's sermon was profound, but varied. It won many admirers while it made bitter enemies.

The latter determined to counteract, in every possible way, the influence of his utterances. They wrote open letters to him in the columns of the secular and religious press. In some congregations meetings were called with more or less success, to protest against their bishop "preaching politics."

In commercial circles the sermon was for quite a while the chief topic of conversation. The alarm of the opposition was further increased by the fact that such vast numbers of people were acting upon the bishop's advice and seriously studying Socialism. The book now almost forgotten—Bellamy's "Looking Backward"—was taken up again by the public with a zest which threw the latest sensational fiction far into the shade. It became all the rage. The stores and public libraries could scarcely keep pace with the demand.

These facts only increased the bitterness against the bishop. Indignation blinded discretion in those

whose business methods he had impugned. They threw to the winds all thought of his efficient service, the dignity of his office, the force of his personality. Some threatened to withdraw their support from missionary funds; others went so far as to meditate withdrawal from church membership; while one man openly suggested that the bishop be presented for ecclesiastical trial upon the charge of sedition and rebellion against constituted authority.

The bishop calmly viewed it all. To some he gave a dignified answer. Others, who were abusive, he treated with silent forgiveness. But he was much gratified at the widespread interest aroused in the social injustice of the day, and declared that all who studied the question without bias would soon become, at least, tolerant toward Christian Socialism.

CHAPTER XV

THE ELECTION

A little more than a fortnight after the delivery of this memorable sermon came election-day.

The city and State were thoroughly aroused. Never since the Civil War had the voters been so deeply stirred. The indifference manifested in ordinary elections was now conspicuously absent: a full vote was inevitable: the politicians scented danger, for no one could forecast the result.

To Maud, ever optimistic, the prospects for victory were exceedingly bright. The enthusiastic meetings in city and country, the unanswered arguments of the Socialist speakers, and the thoughtful attitude of the more substantial citizens all combined in pointing to a grand triumph.

And now that the bishop had felt it his bounden duty to disregard precedent and preach a so-called political sermon declaring Socialism to be "Applied Christianity"—what more could be desired?

"What more?" repeated the Judge, as Maud expressed her sanguine hopes, "Ah! dear Maud, don't forget the power of money. This country is now usually bought and sold on important election-

days. The disease has become chronic, and worse still, the people are for the most part apathetic. So many business men claim they haven't time to go into politics, while the cunning politicians are bartering away their rights. Gold to-day is far more operative than good. Unprincipled voters sell out to the highest bidders and so the capitalists hold easy sway. In the last extremity these money mag-nates will sacrifice thousands before they will surrender their god.

"The evil is at work now. Yesterday the politicians were drawing large sums from the banks in \$5.00 and \$10.00 notes, preparing, as they said, their 'fishing bait.'

"Yet while they are usually confident in proportion to their amount of 'bait,' they are confessedly alarmed this time. The bishop's sermon has terrified them, coming as a thunderbolt from a clear sky; it has created quite a storm, the possible effect of which has puzzled even the most weather-beaten.

"But our opponents are many. We have against us practically all large capitalists; all the ward heelers of both old parties; and all the purchasable voters, the number of whom is alarmingly on the increase. Think of the strong temptation presented to a poor man, with scarcely a dollar to his name; he is offered \$5.00 or \$10.00 for the simple service

of shifting his voting mark one inch on the ticket. It is the easiest gain he knows. With a little persuasion from a plausible politician, consciences usually sensitive can sometimes be silenced for a few minutes until the evil is done. We have this deplorable fact to face, my dear.

“And remember what Bishop Graham said about Reformation experiences—Palm Sundays followed by Good-Fridays.

“You are still elated, like the Galilean followers of Jesus, by the acclamations of our recent Palm Sunday. Sooner or later we may have to face a Good-Friday of apparent defeat and persecution. Yet, ultimately we shall have our bright and glorious Eastertide, when the enemies of righteousness will slink away in shame.

“At any rate, we cannot tell how soon the triumph will come. We shall appeal to-day to Patriotism, Philanthropy and Religion. If greed and gold win this time, we shall present a stronger case to the voters at the next election, for the shame of betraying themselves into the slavery of Mammon will be more clearly exposed.”

All during the day Maud was deeply absorbed in the election. She had repeated calls from many Bellamy advocates, both ladies and gentlemen, who were equally as anxious as she. The young men

came with the good news that scores of their companions were deserting the old worn-out parties, for Socialism. Others, who had not yet felt safe in accepting it as their political creed, had enough confidence in Judge Marshall to give him their votes.

These reports made hope run very high. Maud was more delighted at each new message of gains, and at times manifested so much enthusiasm that the Judge playfully teased her for becoming such an ardent politician.

Then came dark news. Money was being spent like water by the opposition. The purchasable voters had been holding back, but were gradually yielding to enticing offers: as much as \$25 per vote being the alleged offer in one up-town ward.

Besides this, the prejudices of the ignorant and illiterate were being wrought upon; they were told that the triumph of Socialism meant the abolition of wages and the reduction of the poor to the position of soldiers lining up for their allowance of food and clothing. This false impression spread the more easily as many misconstrued the Judge's description of the Socialistic State as a vast industrial army. They had failed to grasp the full truth, that the industrial army would be a self-governing State, in which every man would have equal voice, vote and compensation.

Thus it continued all day: the news came as a perpetual see-saw: hopes were now up, now down to the ground. The capitalistic henchmen indeed wore a smile all day and openly boasted that they held the election safe in their pockets.

As the polls closed the excitement was intense. The Judge and Maud sat together at their home telephone, and were kept constantly posted as to the returns.

The see-saw experience continued into the night: first a favorable, then an unfavorable return was received. One very gratifying report soon came in, that the Judge's own precinct had given him a most flattering majority.

"I am particularly eager to hear from the counties," he remarked between the messages. "The city is still in doubt—the scales seem pretty evenly balanced at this moment—perhaps the farmers will have the deciding vote."

"At any rate," replied Maud in a spirit of prospective resignation, "even defeat at this time will not materially hurt our cause. We have won a moral victory to the extent of arousing the public conscience in a remarkable manner, and converted hundreds to Socialism in a conservative city. I am happy that the bishop forewarned us not to expect an Easter triumph too soon."

CHAPTER XVI

GOOD-FRIDAY OR EASTER—WHICH?

The first news from the counties was somewhat cheering: one district early reported a clear majority for the Judge; he had run somewhat ahead of his ticket. Another report stated that the lavish offer of money had so offended their community that they had voted almost *en masse* for the Judge.

Yet definite news came in slowly. Finally the Judge was called out for consultation in a ward where crooked work was suspected. For a while Maud was left alone.

As she sat at the 'phone eagerly waiting, she mused thus: "Good-Friday or Easter—Which?"

"Has the world not suffered enough already? The competitive system is stained with the blood of thousands of brave soldiers; it is wet with the tears of countless orphans and widows. Sordid selfishness is the besetting sin of the world. It sold our Blessed Lord for thirty pieces of silver: it has sold His people in every generation."

With such reflections she hung up the receiver and stepped over to the piano momentarily to soothe her troubled feelings.

Choosing a favorite hymn, she accompanied herself and sang softly:

Thy kingdom come, O God!
Thy rule, O Christ, begin!
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin!

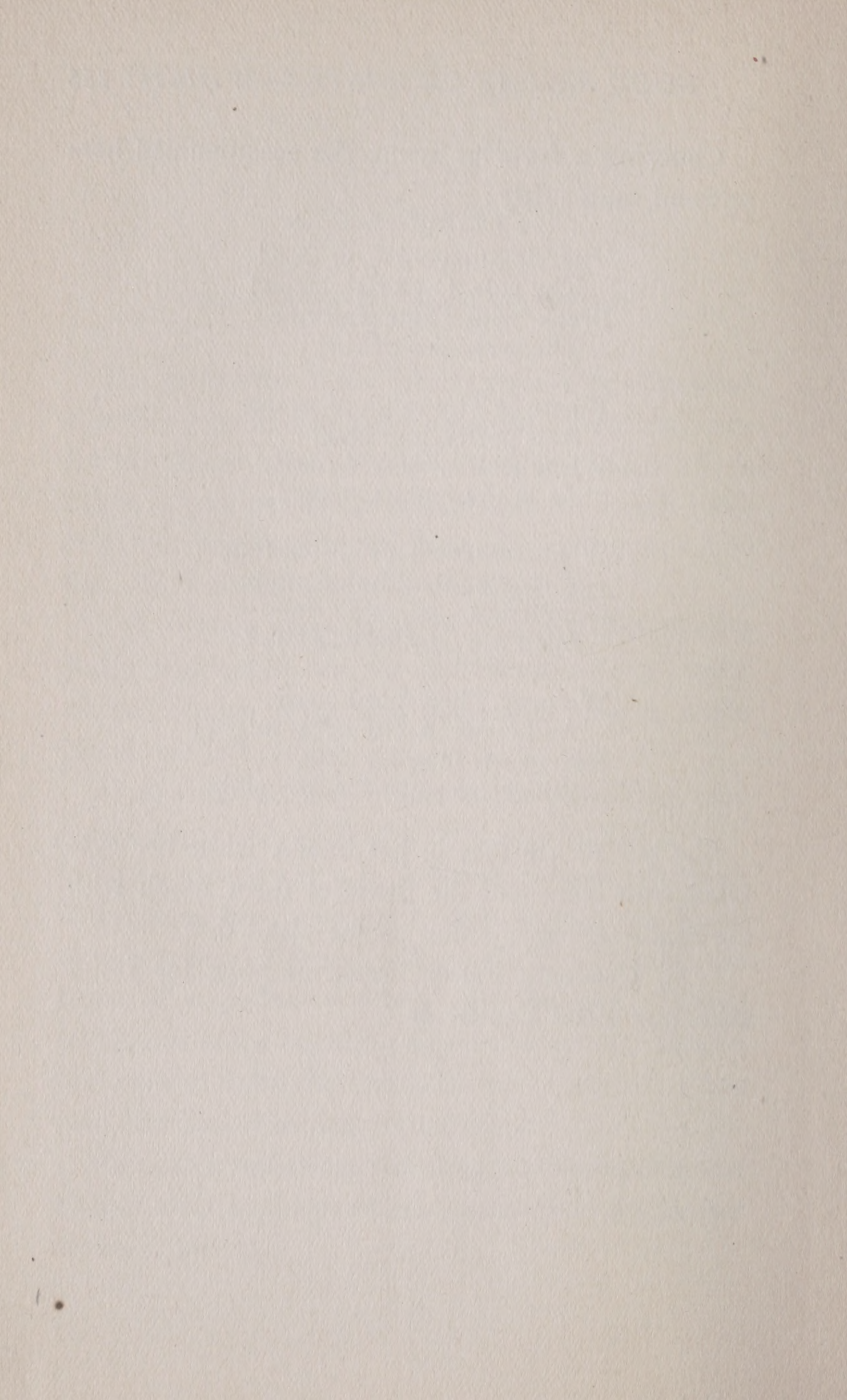
Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

She buried her face in her hands, while her eyes filled with tears and the graceful form shook with the soul's strong emotion as she pleaded—

“Oh, Heavenly Father, grant us now, for Jesus' sake, our social Eastertide.”



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